THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

FEBRUARY, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

An O. Henry Rejection

THAT, in the days of struggle when from New Orleans William Sidney Porter was bombarding New York with manuscripts with only indifferent success, "The Emancipation of Billy" was rejected no less than thirteen times before it was accepted, is a bit of information that we culled the other day from one of the plate matter pages of what, for lack of a more definite name, may be called a country newspaper. And O. Henry is quoted as speaking of that tale as "as good a story as I ever wrote." Of course another indication of editorial incapacity, of editorial idiocy; another example of talent unrecognised to soften the sting of that last conventional slip of magazine rejection. Thirteen editors "turned down" "as good a story" as O. Henry ever wrote. Draw your own conclusions. At first thought there does seem to be a good deal of point to the argument. But then, turning the matter over in the mind, there is found another side to the question. "The Emancipation of Billy" in 1902 or in 1909 was, in point of quality, the same story. But as a dish to be served up to a certain circle of magazine readers it was a very different matter. It was to a degree the O. Henry flavour of caviare. In 1902 the reader's palate had not yet been accustomed to that particular flavour. The dish in many cases would have been laid aside untasted or unfinished as having an unfamiliar taste. And, after all, to continue the culinary figure of speech, the undiscerning editor of 1902 was only the *chef,* or at most, the *maitre d'hotel.*

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Every one recalls how, in *The Newcomes,* Thackeray killed the mother of Lord Farintosh only to bring her back to life a few chapters later; how, on one occasion in *The Adventures of Philip,* he called Philip Firmin Clive Newcome; how, in *Nicholas Nickleby,* Dickens made Squeers, in one breath, order the pupils of Dotheboys Hall to crack the ice in the pond and weed the garden. Fiction is rich in these little authors' "breaks." We wonder how many of the readers of O. Henry detected a curious blunder in "Thimble, Thimble!", that delightful little comedy of "the old Nigger Man, the Hunting-Case Watch, and the Open-Faced Question—mostly borrowed," to use O. Henry's words, "from the late Mr. Frank Stockton, as you will conclude."

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"Bob" Davis

Some little time before the outbreak of hostilities in Europe there appeared in the papers a news item from Paris that had a particular thrill. The French Government had sought out an old man in his nineties for the purpose of bestowing

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ROBERT H. DAVIS

upon him honours for a deed of many years ago. Back in the first half of the nineteenth century this nonogenarian, then a youth in his early twenties, had been a bugler serving with the French soldiers engaged in the work of wresting Northern Africa from the fierce native tribes. In the course of a bloody border battle he was captured and led into the presence of the Arab leader. It was a critical moment in the conflict and the Arab chief thought to win the day by a ruse. "Do you wish to escape the torture?" he said to the prisoner before him. "Then blow the Retreat." The Frenchman raised the bugle to his lips and sounded, not the Retreat, but the Charge. With yells his comrades came dashing on, and the Arabs broke and fled. That, substantially, was the basis of *We Are French,* a story which bears the names of Percy Poore Sheehan and Robert H. Davis.

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To those persons who merely read fiction and do not write it, the name of Robert H. Davis may come as the name of a stranger. But to the world of writers, editors, and publishers his is an influence whose power it is hard to overestimate. Last summer we printed in these columns a symposium for the purpose of ascertaining what stories of the late O. Henry enjoyed the greatest measure of popularity. We wanted an editorial opinion and naturally turned to Mr. Davis as the man who had read, accepted, and rejected more short stories than any other man in the world. His wide acquaintance can be illustrated by an anecdote. Some years ago he and a friend were crossing the Rocky Mountains on horseback. One night they were riding through a snow storm, far from any human habitation. "Somewhat lonely," remarked Mr. Davis. "Yes," replied his companion, "but I'll bet before morning we will meet someone who knows you." Within twenty minutes a figure appeared out of the darkness, a lamp was flashed, and a friendly voice cried out, "Hello, Bob!"

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Visitors

The continuation of the war has not lessened the number of English authors who have visited this country. Following the brief tour of A. E. W. Mason, and of Sir James Barrie, who has finally begun to publish his plays, beginning with *The Admirable Crichton,* and *Half Hours,* Messrs. Henry Arthur Jones and Frank Harris have been in America. Mr. Jones has not only supervised the appearance of his play, *The Lie,* but also made arrangements for the publication, this spring, of two books, *The Theatre of Ideas,* and *The Lie.*

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The other Englishman who seems quite happy to remain in America, Mr. Frank Harris, author of *The Bomb, The Man Shakespere, Montes the Matador,* will perhaps be somewhat offended at being called an Englishman. Though he has for years lived in London, he is an Irishman by birth, a Parisian by choice and, just now, an American by residence. Of the present war it was Mr. Harris who

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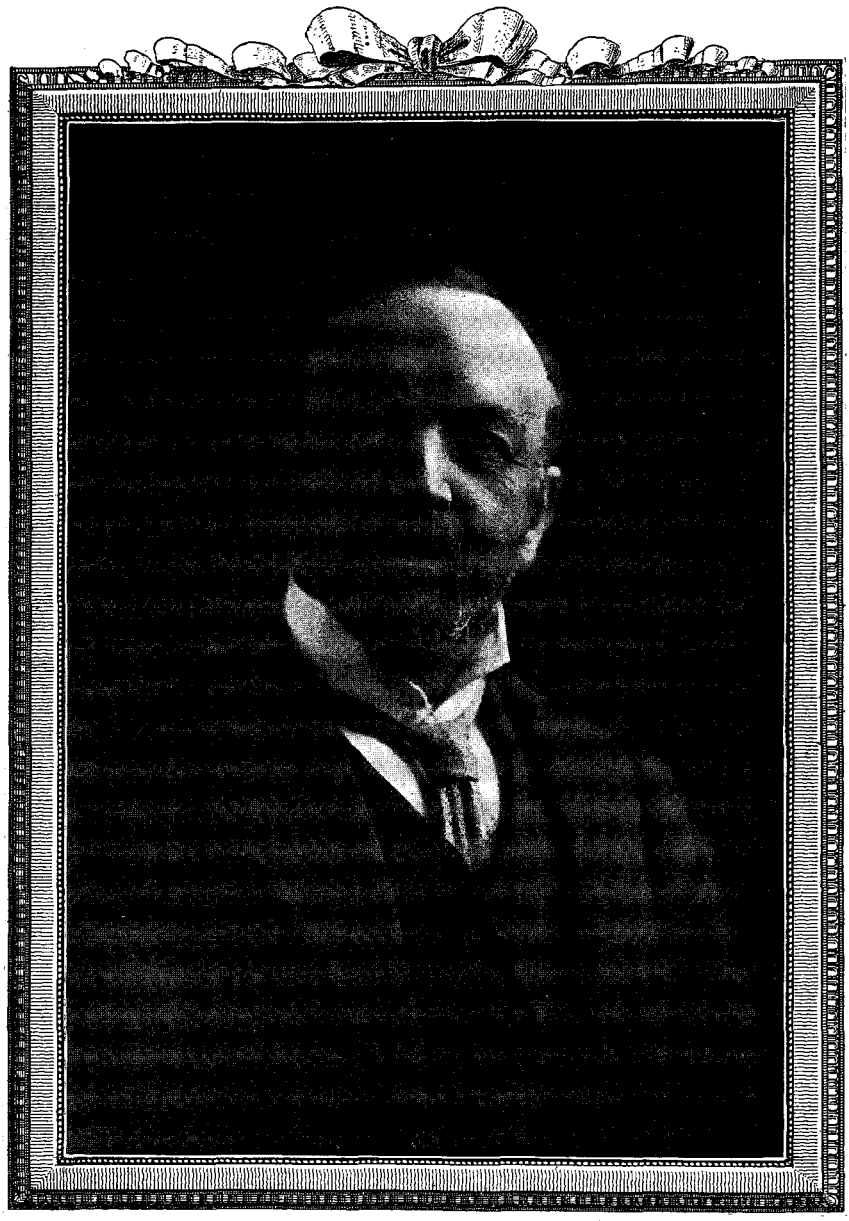

Henry Arthur Jones

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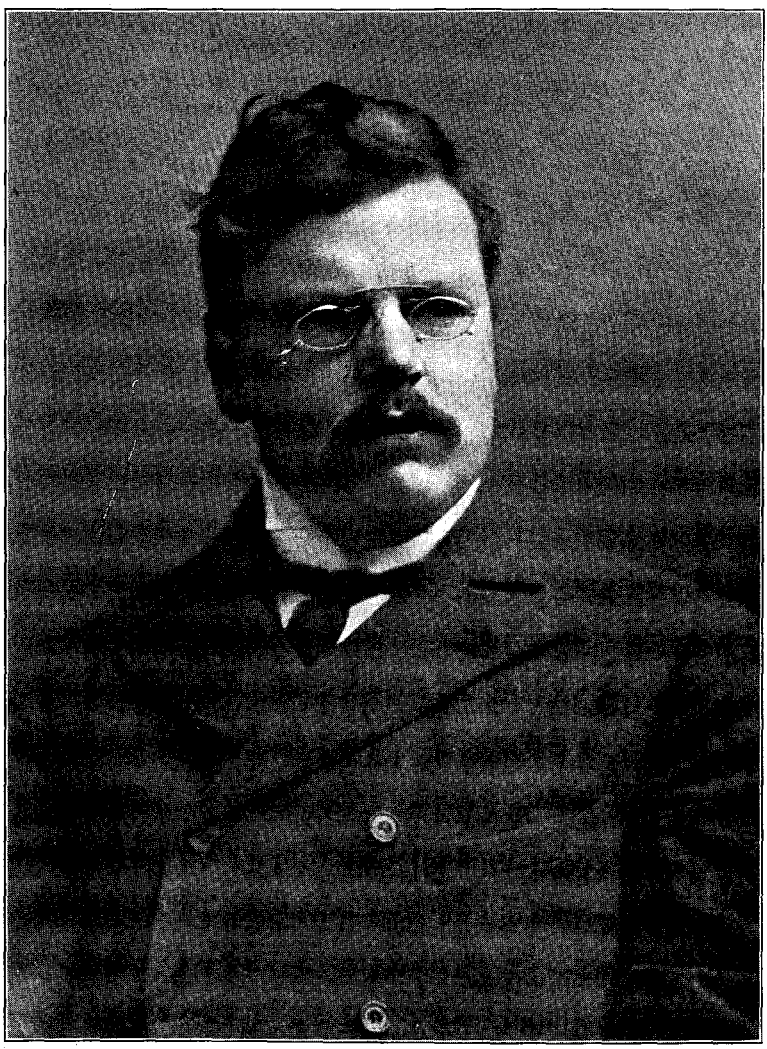
first said, "Yes, the Russians will fight to the last Russian; the Germans will fight to the last German; and the English, oh yes, the English will fight to the last Frenchman." This is not Mr. Harris's first glimpse of America. Indeed, he knows it as do few Americans, and *The Bomb* was one of the first novels to show the roaring beauty and drama of Chicago, the most American of cities.



G. K. CHESTERTON, WHO AT THE TIME OF PRESENT WRITING, IS REPORTED TO BE IN A CRITICAL STATE OF HEALTH

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SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE CLARION," BEING ENTERTAINED ONE EVENING SOME YEARS AGO IN "FAR WEST" STYLE BY MEMBERS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

Back in the closing days of the Old Frontier, Mr. Harris helped drive cattle along the old Santa Fé trail, and he is said to be the one English—or rather British—author who does not make his Americans speak after this fashion, "I swan to calculate I'm the slickest pressman on the New York *Journal,*" for which this long-suffering country owes him incalculable gratitude.

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Collaboration

Since the publication of the paragraphs on Erckmann-Chatrian in the January BOOKMAN, our attention has been called to the far greater frequency of similar collaboration among French novelists than among writers of any other nationality. The elder Dumas is, of course, the classic example of such literary partnership reduced almost to the point of absurdity, and the world does not know, and probably never can know just how many works bear little or no touch of his pen beyond his signature, and how many other paragraphs, chapters and entire stories attributed to other authors are the pure, direct, undiluted product of Dumas. Even the number of members, first and last, of the so-called firm of "Dumas and Company, Fiction Makers," is a matter of guesswork; yet in the accepted sense of the term, Auguste Maquet seems to have been the only one who really deserves the name of collaborator, the only one possessed of sufficient creative power to produce independent works of some merit, the only one whose share in the joint compositions could, under the stress of fixed dates, be published as it stood, without the inspiring touch of the master hand,—as notably in the case of the closing chapters of the *Vicomte de Bragelonne,*—the only one who followed Dumas, stayed with him, travelled with him; and yet, after a close companionship of ten years, this partnership met a fate similar to that of Erckmann-Chatrian, culminating in a law-suit, in which Maquet tried to establish his right to have his name appear as joint author on the title page of all future editions of the novels in which he had participated and to receive his half of the royalties,—claims which the French courts refused on two separate occasions to grant him. It is perhaps in view of this débâcle of a long-standing association that Dumas, the most flagrant

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of all collaborators, has frankly recognised the fallacy of this method of literary production:

Of two collaborators, one is generally a dupe, and that one is the man of talent. For your collaborator is like a passenger who has embarked on the same ship with you and who gradually reveals to you that he does not know how to swim; you have to keep him afloat when shipwreck comes—thereby running the risk of drowning yourself—and when you reach land, he goes about everywhere declaring that without him you would have perished!

• • •

Even so independent a genius and indefatigable a workman as Balzac began his literary career by collaborating, his early sensational pot-boilers, *Jean-Louis* and *L'Héritère de Birague* being produced with the assistance of Auguste le Poitevin de l'Egreville, each of the joint

A CARICATURE BY CHAM SATIRISING VARIOUS PHASES OF DUMAS'S LITERARY ACTIVITY, AN ACTIVITY MADE POSSIBLE BY HIS EXTENSIVE EMPLOYMENT OF COLLABORATORS

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authors signing with anagrams of their respective names, "Lord R'Hoone" and "Viellerglé,"—after the classic example of Voltaire,—a method, by the way, of quite venerable antiquity; any one having curiosity in this regard may find in an early issue of *Notes and Queries* a list of more than a hundred similar anagrams used as pseudonyms by authors ranging from the early church fathers downward through the middle ages to modern times. But with Balzac collaboration was merely a first step toward independence, as creeping is to a child before it can stand alone. And the same thing holds true of another famous French novelist, George Sand. The story of her attempted collaboration with Jules Sandeau has passed into a much distorted legend. According to the popular version, the two prospective collaborators mapped out a scenario of their future volume, with chapters, title-headings and so forth, and allotted to each other their respective shares of the work, before separating for the summer.

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Upon her return to Paris, George Sand, then plain Madame Dudevant, promptly greeted Sandeau with inquiries regarding their proposed masterpiece. "Have you done your half?" asked Sandeau. "Yes," came the triumphant answer, "have you done yours?" Sandeau was obliged to acknowledge that he had not. "Well, I have!" retorted George Sand, waving the finished manuscript before him. Then, continues the legend, the question arose as to what signature the young authoress should choose. "Sign it Sand," suggested the author of *Mlle. de la Séglière,* "since you have done my half of the book, it is only fair that you should have the use of half of my name." "But what shall I do for a first name?" asked the new-fledged author of *Indiana,* —for such happens to be the book that so narrowly escaped the spoiling touch of another hand. "Why, that is simple," rejoined Sandeau, glancing up at the calendar on the opposite wall. "It happens to be St. George's day,—call yourself George, that's it, George Sand!" And George Sand it remained to the end of the chapter.

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The real facts, as given by recent biographers, are somewhat different. Sandeau and George Sand had been collaborating for more than a year before *Indiana* was conceived and drafted. There had been several short stories and then a novel bearing the old-fashioned flamboyant title, *Rose et Blanche, ou La Comédienne et La Religieuse,* all their joint work being signed "Jules Sand." The novel had little success, and it deserved little, being a bad piece of literary carpentry, in which, as French critics are agreed, the respective shares of the work can easily be identified. That George Sand herself had scant respect for it is shown by the following passage from an early letter:

> Monstrosities are in vogue, so we must invent monstrosities. I am bringing forth a very pleasant one just at present.

• • •

But while *Rose et Blanche* failed to sell, it did attract the attention of another publisher, who contracted with the authors for a second novel; and it was this of which George Sand wrote both her half and that of Sandeau during her two months' sojourn at Nahant. And, alas for the apt little legend, the author's life-long pseudonym was not a sudden flash of inspiration on the part of Sandeau, but the result of much discussion and a final compromise, the publisher naturally wishing to take advantage of the signature already made familiar through *Rose et Blanche,* while it was equally natural for Sandeau to object to the full use of his signature to a book in which he had no share. As for "George," the saints' calendar played no part in its choice; it was, as a recent biographer points out, the one simple, logical choice, *presque synonyme de Bérrichon,* a name as typical of George Sand's native district as Johnny Bull or Tommy Atkins are of England and the British army.

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Of more recent examples of collaboration, prolonged, successful, famous, one recalls at once the cases of Edmond and Jules De Goncourt, of Paul and Victor Margueritte, and of Joseph Rosny and Justin Boex, writing under the name of J.-H. Rosny. Isolated and sporadic cases are too numerous to catalogue. Even Pierre Loti recently collaborated with Judith Gautier on that widely advertised Chinese play, *The Daughter of Heaven*. But if we should take up the question of dramatic collaboration then we should be lost indeed, for the instances are literally legion. Practically every successful French novelist has sooner or later attempted to dramatise one or more of his novels, and in the great majority of cases has invoked the expert aid of a professional playwright to help him with his unfamiliar task. Daudet, for instance, had the help of three or four different dramatists, among others, Adolphe Bélot, in the case of *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*, and of "Pierre Elzear" in the case of *Le Nabab*.

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The Garrison Town

Before discussing, as a book, Lieutenant Bilse's *Life in a Garrison Town* (*Aus Einer Kleinen Garnison*), which in a new form has just been issued for English and American readers by the John Lane Company of London and New York, it is worth while recalling briefly the circumstances under which it originally appeared, and the impression it made not only in Germany but throughout all Europe. The author, Oswald Fritz Bilse, was born in Kirn on the River Nahe in March, 1878. His father was head master of a school in Thüringen, where young Bilse was educated until the time came for his transfer to the gymnasium at Eisenach. In 1896 he expressed a desire to enter the army, as he had formed a taste for military life. Two years later he was appointed Lieutenant. From Cassel, where he was first stationed, he was sent to Forbach, which was later easily recognised as the setting of *Aus Einer Kleinen Garnison*. That whatever illusions about army life he had had were dispelled by his Forbach experiences, the book effectually shows. In 1903, having completed the novel and arranged for its publication, he resigned his commission, and decided to study painting at the Beaux-Arts in Berlin. Had the resignation been accepted before the appearance of the book action against him would have been impossible. But being still on the army list he was arrested for disobeying the stringent military order that no officer is permitted to publish any work without the consent of the authorities, for libelling his superiors and comrades, and was brought up for trial by court-martial. The trial lasted from the ninth to the eleventh of November, 1903. Despite his defence that his novel was only a work of imagination, he was found guilty, condemned to six months' imprisonment, and to dismissal from the army.

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The reasons for this new edition of *Life in a Garrison Town* in English at the present time are perfectly obvious. In the first place the book is likely to have a sale that it could not have had a year ago, and in the second place it was felt that it would present the German military system in an exceedingly unfavourable light. It certainly does that.

Nr. 319 Zweites Morgenblatt. Fünfundvierzigster Jahrgang. Freitag 17. November 1899

Frankfurter Zeitung

(Frankfurter Handelszeitung.) und Handelsblatt. (Neue Frankfurter Zeitung.)

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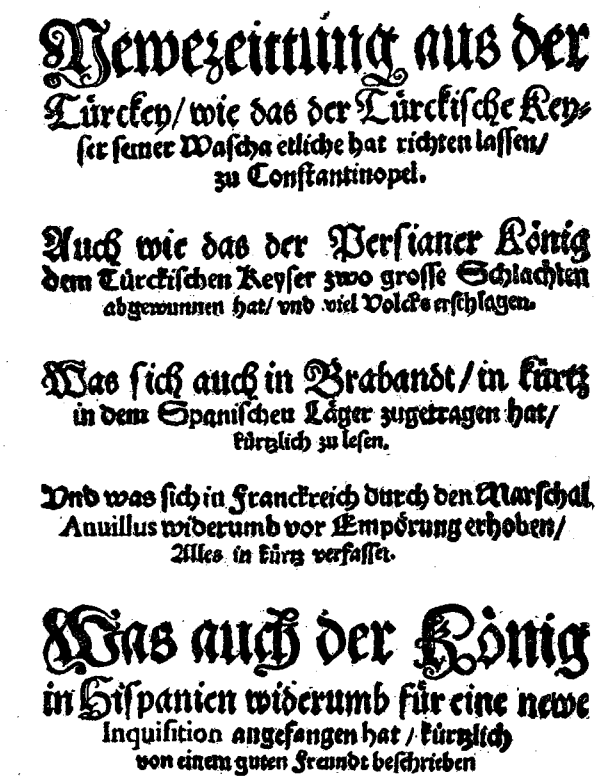

Newezeittung aus der Türckey/ wie das der Türckiſche Keyſer ſeiner Waſcha etliche hat richten laſſen/ zu Conſtantinopel.

Auch wie das der Perſianer König dem Türckiſchen Keyſer zwo groſſe Schlachten abgewunnen hat/ vnd viel Volcks erſchlagen.

Was ſich auch in Brabandt/ in kürtz in dem Spaniſchen Läger zugetragen hat/ kürtzlich zu leſen.

Vnd was ſich in Franckreich durch den Marſchal Anuillus widerumb vor Empörung erhoben/ Alles in kürtz verfaſſet.

Was auch der König in Hiſpanien widerumb für eine newe Inquiſition angefangen hat/ kürtzlich von einem guten Freundt beſchrieben

Newezeittung aus der Türckei ꝛc. ꝛc.
Gedruckt zu Berlin bei Michael Henyken 1578
Eine der erſten in Berlin gedruckten Zeitungen, in Originalgröße wiedergegeben
Berner, Geſch. d. Preuß. Staates

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It is a seamy, sordid, vulgar, uninspired existence that Bilse has portrayed. His officers have all the viciousness of Kipling's "Love O' Woman" without any of the latter's curious charm. His officers' wives approximate Judy Sheehy of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" at her worst. But is the presentation quite fair? The fact that there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of Bilse's book does not affect that aspect of the case in the least. In other armies, the French and the English, for example, are there not officers over addicted to drink, officers pursuing the wives of their comrades, officers stumbling along to ruin under an ever-increasing load of debt? Is not this the evil form of garrison life in any other army as well as the German? Officers who are adulterers, spendthrifts, incompetents will be found in the pages of Zola, Maupassant, and Daudet, not to mention *Les Maritimes,* which exposed the life of naval society at Toulon in

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1. Ausgabe. Berliner Morgenblatt.

Lokal-Anzeiger.

Central-Organ für die Reichshauptstadt.

Nummer 543. Berlin, Freitag, 17. November 1899. 17. Jahrgang.

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much the same manner as the life in Forbach is revealed by Lieutenant Bilse. There is but one phase of Bilse's book which could not be ascribed to another service. No novel dealing with American, or French, or English army life could possibly depict an officer lashing the man under him across the face with a riding whip. But again, be fair. That is not an invention of the modern system, the system which constructed the siege guns that shattered Liége, and invented the coats of invisible grey green. It is only a tradition of the great Frederick that has held. "I have seen," related Barry Lyndon, of his experiences in the Prussian service of the eighteenth century, into which he had been crimped, "a little ensign of fifteen call out a man of fifty from the ranks, a man who had been in a hundred battles, and he has stood presenting arms, and sobbing and howling like a baby, while the young wretch lashed him." So when Lieutenant Borgert whips his orderly, and Sergeant Major Roth holds his corporal's head in such a position that the face receives the full force of the kick of a frightened and infuriated horse, they are simply carrying out disciplinary measures prescribed by Prussia's greatest monarch, and felt by him to have been necessary to the effectiveness of the service. The present edition of *Life in a Garrison Town* has a foreword by Mr. Theodore Dreiser. How badly the author of *Sister Carrie* does write!

• • •

The author of the entertaining *The German Army from Within* (George H. Doran Company) contends that *Life in a Garrison Town,* though essentially accurate, was in a measure unfair, because the regiment described by Lieutenant Bilse was one of those regiments which, being regarded as of comparatively inferior quality, are assigned to the unpopular and uncomfortable frontier posts. The officers of such regiments are keenly conscious of this discrimination, consequently are suspicious of the sentiments of the civilians about them, and in order to emphasise their dignity and importance are inclined often to assume attitudes of excessive harshness. That argument could not be brought for-

Morgen-Ausgabe.

Berliner Tageblatt.

Nummer 587. Berlin, Freitag, den 17. November 1899. XXVIII. Jahrgang.

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Berlinische Nachrichten
von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen.
Im Verlage der Haude- und Spenerschen Buchhandlung.

Extra-Blatt No. 1. Sonnabend, den 24sten Juni 1815.

Berlin, vom 24. Juni.
Morgens 3 Uhr.

So eben langt, aus dem Hauptquartier Sr. Durchlaucht des Fürsten Blücher von Wahlstadt, durch den als Courier abgesandten Lieutenant Mernst, folgendes Schreiben an mich hier an:

„Ew. Excellenz benachrichtige ich, daß ich gestern, in Verbindung mit der Englischen Armee unter dem Herzog von Wellington, den vollständigsten Sieg, der nur erfochten werden kann, über Napoleon Bonaparte davon getragen habe. Die Schlacht fiel in der Nähe einiger einzelnen auf der Straße von hier nach Brüssel belegenen Häuser: „la belle alliance" (die schöne Allianz) genannt, vor, und einen besseren Namen dieses wichtigen Tages kann es wohl nicht geben. Die französische Armee ist in einer völligen Auflösung, und eine außerordentliche Menge von Geschütz erobert. Die Zeit erlaubt es mir nicht, Ew. Excellenz in diesem Augenblick mehreres mitzutheilen. Ich behalte mir die Details vor, und bitte Dieselben nur, den guten Verlauf dieser frohe Nachricht mitzutheilen.

Hauptquartier Gemappe, den 19ten Juni 1815 Morgens 5½ Uhr.

Blücher."

Der Lieutenant Mernst fügt noch folgendes mündlich hinzu: Bei seinem Abgange hatte man bereits 198 Stück Kanonen, und mehr als das Doppelte an Munitions- und Proviantwagen gezählt. Die gesammten Equipagen Bonapartes und seiner Generale waren in unsere Hände gefallen. Der General Duhesme, der eine Abtheilung der alten Garde kommandirt, war tödtlich blessirt und mit 2 Adjudanten gefangen. Die ganze Nacht hindurch hatte der General-Lieutenant Graf von Gneisenau mit der ganzen Armee den Feind verfolgt, jedoch nirgends eine Gegenwehr gefunden. Der Fürst Blücher war im Begriff, sein Hauptquartier nach Charleroi zu verlegen. Bonaparte floh auf Avesne, von der Englischen Armee über Nivelles verfolgt. Am 19ten Mittags stand das Corps des General Bandamme noch dem 3ten Armee Corps unter dem General Freiherrn v. Thielemann, bei Wavre, gegenüber. Da die Straßen über Nivelles und Charleroy jenem Corps abgeschnitten, auch das deutsche Armee-Corps von Trier aus auf Givet vorgedrungen ist: so ist Bandamme überall abgeschnitten, und ein Schicksal wie bei Culm kann ihn leicht zum zweitenmale ereilen.

Kalckreuth.

Zur Feier dieses glänzenden Sieges wird morgen, den 25sten, in allen Kirchen der Hauptstadt ein Tedeum begangen werden.

Extrablatt der „Berlinischen Nachrichten" mit der Nachricht von dem Siege der Verbündeten bei La Belle Alliance, am 18. Juni 1815.
Nach einem im Besitz des Geheimen Justizrats Lessing in Berlin befindlichen Exemplar. Originalgröße.
Berner, Gesch. d. Preuß. Staates

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ward in extenuation of Baron von Schlicht's *Life in a German Crack Regiment,* for the "Golden Butterflies" are stationed at Berlin, and the officers are drawn exclusively from the Prussian nobility. To this regiment, by the Kaiser's own order, is transferred Lieutenant Winkler, a young man of fine appearance and exceptional talents, but lacking the essential "von," and the son of a wealthy manufacturer. Thrust into the society of his aristocratic fellow-officers he is speedily made to feel the immensity of the intervening gulf. Published a year after *Life in a Garrison Town,* forty thousand copies of *Life in a German Crack Regiment* were sold before the book was suppressed by the German government. The indignation aroused in military circles against Baron von Schlicht (this is a pen name, the author's actual name is Count von Baudissin) was all the greater because he himself belonged to the old nobility which he so freely criticised. Incidentally, because of its faithful impression of German military life, *Life in a German Crack Regiment* was adopted for his course in modern history by Professor Charles Seymour, of Yale.

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Here, in a nutshell, is the meat of Baron von Schlicht's arraignment of the young Prussian officer in his relations to Berlin society.

"Certainly," George agreed, "that is why I am astonished that our officers don't feel like that. If only the girls, who so often regard a lieutenant as the paragon of perfection, knew, or could hear with their own ears how the officers talk about them after

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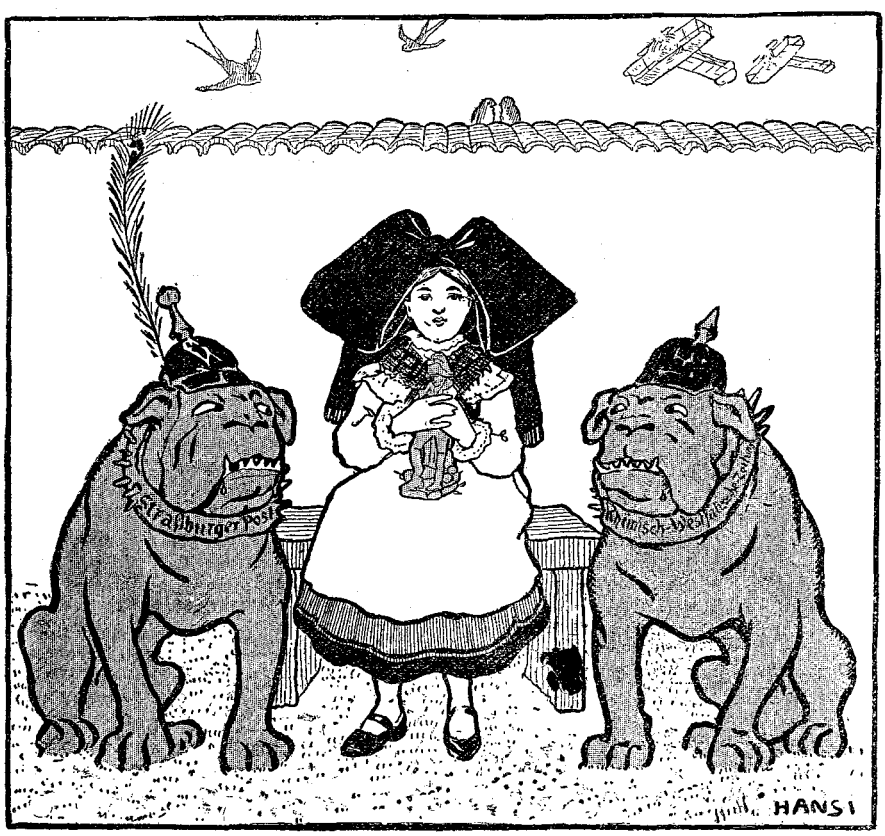
they have been to an entertainment, they would blush with shame, and a lieutenant would soon cease to be their ideal. There are, of course, exceptions, thank God! but most of my fellow-officers are as I have just described, and it is the same in other regiments; to them a woman is just like a horse —a thing to be examined and appraised. How is it, I wonder, that a young girl is of so little account to a lieutenant, that he talks of her without the least respect? I have often thought over the matter. Is it, perhaps, due to their education? Most of them grow up in the regiment; they have no home life; they only see their sisters and their friends when on leave; as cadets, they go into Society to make conquests, and each conquest helps to lower all young girls in their eyes. Perhaps the girls themselves are to a certain extent answerable for this state of affairs. In Society there exists no one but a lieutenant for them, they ignore a civilian, unless he happens to be a reserve officer. The lieutenant simply goes about in pursuit of conquest, and often he wins the victory only too easily. I cannot speak of this from experience. I am a stranger here, but I have often heard of my comrades talk of young girls who push themselves forward, send them love-letters, and who do not even wait until they are asked to give a rendezvous, but ask permission to be allowed to visit the officers, either in a friend's house, or in the officers' quarters."



DRAWING WITHOUT WORDS BY "HANSI." "HANSI" IS THE ALSATIAN CARICATURIST WHO HAS BEEN SO LONG A THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES IN THE "LOST PROVINCES." "HANSI'S" REAL NAME IS JACQUES WALZ

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Brandes and Nietzsche

When George Brandes in his first letter to Friedrich Nietzsche referred to that writer's "aristocratic radicalism," the latter was greatly pleased and wrote back to Brandes: "The expression 'aristocratic radicalism,' which you employ, is very good. It is, permit me to say, the cleverest thing I have yet read about myself." Hence it was natural that the Danish critic should entitle the lecture which he delivered on Nietzsche in 1889, "An Essay on Aristocratic Radicalism." This lecture, together with the correspondence which passed between the two men during the two years, 1887-1888, immediately preceding the German philosopher's break-down, and some other matter, is now published in an English translation by The Macmillan Company. Famous now is the brief epistle with which Nietzsche suddenly terminated what had been a very friendly and sympathetic exchange of views and compliments. It arrived unstamped, without date or address, and was written in a large hand on a piece of paper (not notepaper) ruled in pencil, such as children use. It was post-marked: Turin, January 4, 1889, and read as follows:

To the Friend George:

When once you had discovered me, it was easy enough to find me: the difficulty now is to get rid of me. . . .

The Crucified.

Commenting on this strange explosion Brandes writes: "As Herr Max Nordau has attempted with incredible coarseness to brand Nietzsche's whole life-work as the production of a madman, I call attention to the fact that signs of powerful exaltation only appear in the last letter but one, and that insanity is only evident in the last letter of all, and then not in an unqualified form."

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As for the discussion which is now raging about Nietzsche and his relation to the causes of the present war and to the question of German culture, it is in-

ROGET DE LISLE FIRST SINGING "LA MARSEILLAISE" (WHICH MORE PROPERLY MIGHT HAVE BEEN CALLED "LA STRASBOURGEOISE") IN STRASBOURG ONE NIGHT IN 1792. DRAWING BY "HANSI"

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teresting to quote from Brandes's lecture the following passage condensing the substance of Nietzsche's attack on David Strauss, who represented the last word in German culture at that day. A year and a half had elapsed since the close of the Franco-German War. Never, says Brandes, had the waves of German self-esteem run so high. The exultation of victory had passed into a tumultuous self-glorification. The universal view was that German culture had vanquished French. Then this voice made itself heard, saying:

> Admitting that this was really a conflict between two civilisations, there would still be no reason for crowning the victorious one; we should first have to know what the vanquished one was worth; if its value was very slight—and this is what is said of French culture—then there can be no great honour in the victory. But in the next place there can be no question at all in this case of a victory of German culture; partly because French culture still persists, and partly because the Germans, now as heretofore, are dependent on it. It was military discipline, natural bravery, endurance, superiority on the part of the leaders and obedience on the part of the led, in short, *factors that have nothing to do with culture,* which gave Germany the victory. But finally and above all, German culture was not victorious for the good reason that *Germany as yet has nothing that can be called culture.*

In support of this contention he appealed to a saying of Goethe to Eckerman: "We Germans are of yesterday. No doubt in the last hundred years we have been cultivating ourselves quite diligently, but it may take a few centuries yet before our countrymen have absorbed sufficient intellect and higher culture to be said of them that it is a long time since they were barbarians." Yet it was only a year, as Brandes reminds us, since Nietzsche, himself, in *The Birth of Tragedy,* had formed the greatest expectations of Germany's future, had looked forward to her speedy liberation from the leading-strings of Latin civilisation. But "the intellectual decline, which seemed to him to date indisputably from the foundation of the Empire, now made him oppose a ruthless defiance to the prevailing popular sentiment." And far from becoming more, Nietzsche rather became less and less, disposed to allow the claims of his countrymen. Even in the sphere of music, where he had originally hailed Wagner as the forerunner of a new national dispensation, he turned his face to France and put Bizet in the place of the poet of *Tristan* and *Parsifal.*

• • •

J. A. Symonds

Speaking of culture, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks presents a somewhat original view of one of the principal apostles of the English article, the late John Addington Symonds, in a recent biographical study of that writer. In his preface he writes: "Only a handful of his closest friends ever guessed the peculiar spiritual tragedy which accompanied the development of a life in so many ways outwardly tragic. As it is chronicled in his private memoranda it presents the only really close parallel to the more familiar tragedy of Amiel which is recorded in English literature. Psychologically the case of Symonds has a unique interest." What this psychological case of Symonds was may be glimpsed from the passage in the chapter entitled "Conclusion," where Mr. Brooks describes his subject as "neurotic from birth, suppressed and misdirected in education, turned by early environment and by natural affinity into certain intellectual and spiritual channels, pressed into speculation by dogmatic surroundings and æsthetic study, his naturally febrile constitution shattered by over-stimulation, by wanting vitality denied robust creation, by disease made a wanderer, by disease and wandering together aroused to an unending, fretful activity." Of his writings, which have been the *vade mecum* of a couple of generations of hungry seekers after culture, Mr. Brooks expresses the opinion that they "do not stand together as do those of Arnold or Ruskin. There has never

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been a collected edition of his works, and the idea of such a thing is inconceivable. With all their community of tone and subject, their marked evolution of style, their consistently delivered message, they lack that highest unifying bond of personality. Some of them are isolated popular handbooks, others are esoteric and for the few, others again are merely mediocre and have been forgotten. Individually they appeal to many different types of mind. Taken together they do not supply any composite human demand, nor are they powerful enough to create any such demand. They are indeed rather the product of energy than of power."

• • •

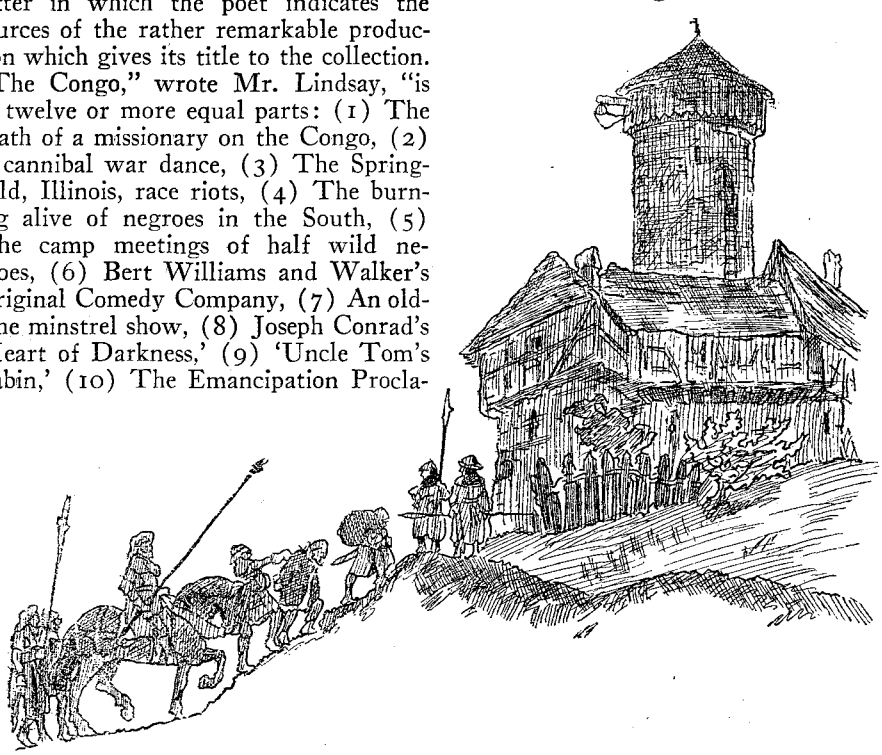
A Poem of Pedigree

In a recent review of Mr. Vachell—no longer Nicholas!—Lindsay's new volume, *The Congo and Other Poems,* the critic quotes from a personal letter in which the poet indicates the sources of the rather remarkable production which gives its title to the collection. "The Congo," wrote Mr. Lindsay, "is in twelve or more equal parts: (1) The death of a missionary on the Congo, (2) A cannibal war dance, (3) The Springfield, Illinois, race riots, (4) The burning alive of negroes in the South, (5) The camp meetings of half wild negroes, (6) Bert Williams and Walker's Original Comedy Company, (7) An old-time minstrel show, (8) Joseph Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness,' (9) 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' (10) The Emancipation Proclamation, (11) The Songs of Stephen C. Foster, and (12) 'The Souls of Black Folks,' by W. E. B. DuBois." Surely there are few poems that could show such a pedigree, but the practice of supplying one is an interesting and suggestive innovation that might, with advantage, be followed by other poets.

• • •

Charles Péguy

A French poet, Charles Péguy, fell recently on the firing-line. Although he has played an active and varied part in the Parisian life of letters for some years—he was one of those writers who rallied, with Zola, to the defence of Dreyfus—his name was little known in this country. Yet his influence was considerable in that new spiritual, nationalistic propaganda that has done so much to change the temperature and ideals of French life and literature during the last decade. It is not too much to say that he may be ranked with Bergson and with Romain



ALSACE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. DRAWING BY "HANSI"

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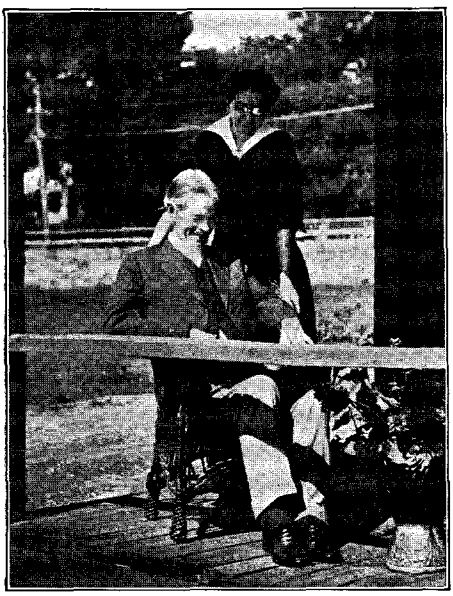

THE LATE LUTHER S. LIVINGSTON

Rolland, and that with them he forms a significant triumvirate, of which literary history will hereafter have to take account. Péguy's own great work, whose form must necessarily keep it forever from being as well known as *Jean Christophe* and *L'Evolution Créatrice,* is his poem dealing with Jeanne d'Arc and suggested to him doubtless by the recent celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of La Pucelle. Although this poem ran through many successive volumes, and must now remain unfinished, it never went beyond the initial conversation between Jeanne and the angel sent by God to prepare her to become one of His saints. The spirit of the poem is in the highest degree mystical, but it is enlivened by many whimsical touches that reveal a robust and yet reverent sense of humour in dealing with a subject so exalted.

• • •

W. P. Eaton

A dramatic editor who lives in the Berkshires, and who stays there the year round, moreover, is the paradoxical contrast furnished by Walter Pritchard Eaton, whose new book, *The Idyl of Twin Fires,* expresses so much of the author's own philosophy of life. As many know, Mr. Eaton guides the destinies of the dramatic department of one of the large magazines and is dramatic correspondent for the Boston *Transcript.* Moreover, he has written several books dealing with the American stage and even pleads guilty of having lectured upon the drama. "But my chief interests," he says, "are here in the Stockbridge Golf Club, of which I am secretary, and my own garden, of which I am everything from manure spreader to stone mason. I suppose some day if I get prosperous and lazy I may have a garden made for me according to plans furnished by a landscape architect, but I am sure I shan't like it half so well as my present amateur chaos in a sand hill." Since leaving the New York *Sun,* for which he was dramatic critic, Mr. Eaton has lived in Stockbridge, and besides the golf club and garden, he edits a little monthly magazine entitled *Stockbridge,* which is issued by the local improvement society.

• • •

Alfred Henry Lewis

A link with the Far West of the old days was broken by the death, in December, of Alfred Henry Lewis, the creator of "Wolfville." Mr. Lewis was born in Cleveland, Ohio, fifty-seven years ago. He was educated for the law and at the age of twenty-three he was prosecuting attorney of Cleveland. At the expiration of his term he spent a year in the Far West, travelling and living in New Mexico, Arizona, and western Texas. It was during these rambles that he met the characters he later introduced into his novels. "Wolfville" was in reality Deming, New Mexico, and in Deming the original of his "Faro Nell" still lives. The success of his stories convinced Mr. Lewis that literature was likely to prove more profitable than law, and after an exciting journalistic career in New Mexico and Kansas City he went to Washington as a political correspondent. Before that time his work had been appearing under the name of "Dan Quin," but

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while in Washington he decided to discard the pseudonym for his own name. Mr. Lewis wrote in all eighteen books. His first was *Wolfville: Episodes of Cowboy Life,* and his last, published in 1913, was *Faro Nell and Her Friends.* Besides the "Wolfville" stories he wrote *Black Lion Inn, Peggy O'Neal, The Sunset Trail, Confessions of a Detective, Story of Paul Jones, The Throwback, When Men Grow Tall, An American Patrician—Aaron Burr,* and *Apaches of New York.*

• • •

That Kitchener Interview

Did Lord Kitchener give that interview? Mr. Irvin S. Cobb has had little to say. The denial was issued by the British War Office. It has since been learned that Lord Kitchener was in France at the time of the denial, that Kitchener himself admits the accuracy of the interview, and that the whole trouble started over the fact that the English papers felt distinctly unhappy over the fact that the first big Kitchener interview was given to an American. Incidentally, there is a story to the effect that Kitchener sent for Cobb in the first place. This is the story. Cobb was dining with Earl Roberts and other dignitaries when one of them said: "By the way, would you like to see Lord Kitchener, Mr. Cobb?" The American, taking the invitation literally, and picturing himself standing on the corner watching the passing of K. of K., as the Tommy does *not* call the

WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

War Chief, replied, "No, not particularly." Whereupon there was some consternation, and not for some time did they understand sufficiently to tell Cobb that this was only a diplomatic manner of informing him that Kitchener felt that he would like to be interviewed and thus send a message to the United States.

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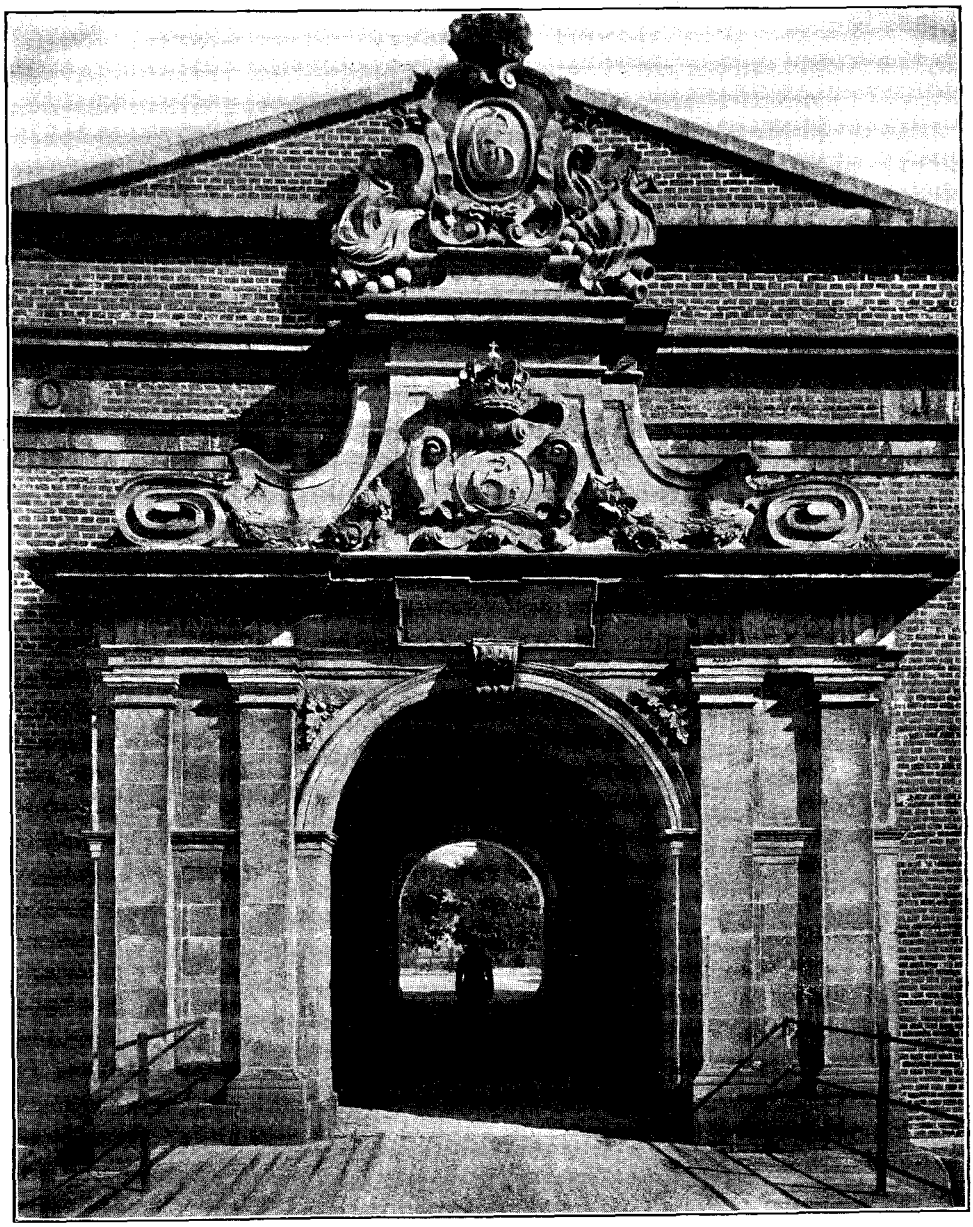
HAMLET'S CASTLE



THE MAIN ENTRANCE, KRONBERG CASTLE

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THE STONE PORTAL, KRONBERG CASTLE

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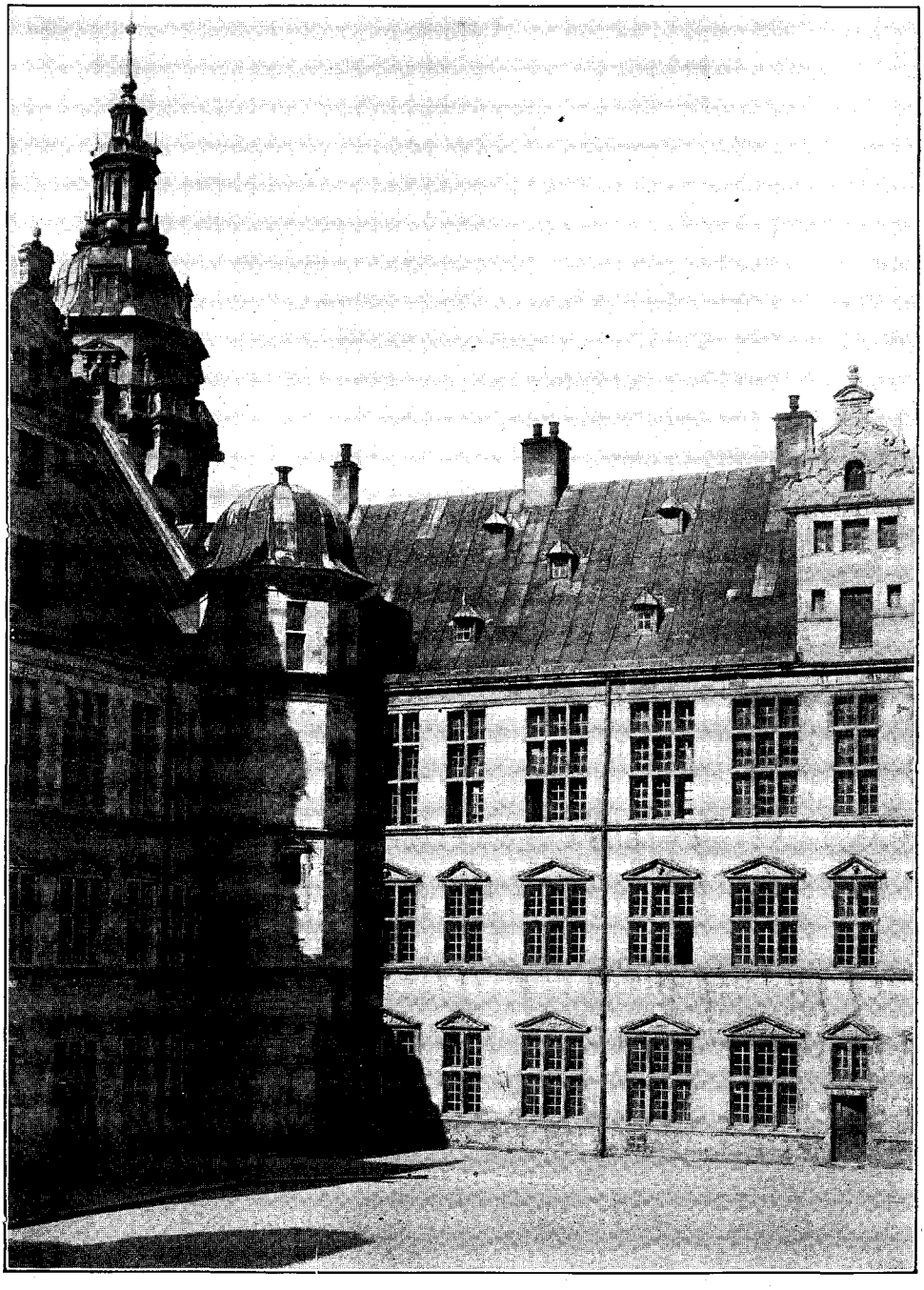

A CORNER IN THE COURT, KRONBERG CASTLE

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BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

VI—George du Maurier's "Trilby"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

It seems but yesterday that she appeared before us with her cry of "Milk below!"; but yesterday that "Little Billee" loved unwisely and to madness; that Svengali made beautiful music and wrought uncanny tricks; that Taffy performed prodigious feats of strength and the Laird danced French jigs that astonished the French; that Durien sang "Plaisir d'amour" and "Chagrin d'amour"; that Dodor and Zouzou were made tipsy and set to cock fighting in the studio; that the gendarmes who came to quiet them were made tipsy and set to cock fighting in the studio; that Mrs. Bagot and the Reverend Mr. Bagot (a most unpleasant person, that) crossed the Channel to save William from the happiness that a suitable *mesalliance* would have brought him; that Trilby of the great heart, attired in boy's clothes, set forth on her wanderings; that the musketeers of the brush met again and journeyed to Paris to hear La Svengali; that Taffy tweaked a nose in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel; that the owner of the nose said "che fous enferrai mes temoins," but somehow failed to do so;

GEORGE DU MAURIER

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THE DU MAURIER HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD, WHERE "TRILBY" WAS WRITTEN

that Svengali died in that London box; that Mrs. Bagot came to learn that the fame of "Little Billee" did not quite fill the entire universe; that the lights of Trilby and William Bagot went out forever; that a maturer Taffy Wynne and his wife fell in with Gecko, the musician, and from him learned the mystery of it all; and heard the story of the two Trilbys. But yesterday it seems; it was but yesterday. Yet somehow, except in memory, the glory of *Trilby* has departed. The tale that once stirred all hearts, and above all the hearts of those just coming up to twenty years, is nearly a forgotten tale. The new generation knows it not. Other fields of romance have found favour; Bohemia—that delightful Bohemia which perhaps never had existence save in the glow of reminiscence—seems no longer to thrill. Is it not because the new generation will not give it a chance? For it does not seem that the human heart can have changed; that the world can have changed. If these notes can bring even a few to turn back to that splendid, spirited story of George du Maurier they will not have been written fruitlessly.

I

Come to sixty year George du Maurier wrote of Bohemia because Bohemia in all cases suggests youth, and in his individual case specifically meant youth. "To drain all life's quintessence in an hour," wrote Thackeray in his adaptation of Beranger, "give me the days when I was twenty-one." To du Maurier "the days when I was twenty-one" meant the *rapin* days. Later in Antwerp, as related in the pages of *The Martian,* but first in the Bohemia of all Bohemias, that which, under the name of the Quartier Latin, rests on the left bank of the River Seine in the city of Lutétia. In writing of it du Maurier

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was following in a long line of illustrious footsteps. Centuries before François Villon had sung of it. Hugo had pictured it in *Notre Dame* and again in *Les Miserables*. It was familiar to every English reader who had dipped into the pages of Thackeray's *Adventures of Phillip*. But in 1848 Henry Murger had established his right to be considered its dominant, if somewhat inaccurate historian, by the publition of his *Scenes de la Vie de Bohême*. The life of which Murger was not merely the historian but also the incarnation, and of which du Maurier was later to write for readers of another tongue, was one in which laughter and tears were strangely blended; a life passing swiftly to an fro between the public ball and the public hospital. In his treatment of

THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION WAS PRESENTED IN MR. T. MARTIN WOOD'S "GEORGE DU MAURIER; THE SATIRIST OF THE VICTORIANS" (PUBLISHED IN 1913) MERELY AS AN "UNPUBLISHED DRAWING FROM SKETCH BOOK." BUT EVEN IN ITS UNFINISHED STATE THE READER WHO KNOWS "TRILBY" WELL CAN GUESS SHREWDLY FOR WHAT DU MAURIER DESIGNED IT. THE FIGURE IN THE FOREGROUND IS UNQUESTIONABLY THAT OF LITTLE BILLEE, WHILE THE HUDDLED OBSCURE FIGURE IS VERY LIKELY THAT OF THE TIPSY LAW STUDENT RIBOT, WHOM LITTLE BILLEE FOUND AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE CHRISTMAS EVE SINGING AT THE MADELEINE AND PUT TO BED. THE NEXT NIGHT, IT WILL BE REMEMBERED, IT WAS RIBOT WHO PERFORMED A SIMILAR SERVICE FOR LITTLE BILLEE.

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this life Murger was charged with idealisation, the same charge that was later directed at du Maurier. "As gross a violation of reality and verisimilitude as Murger's *Vie de Bohême,*" was the tenor of one of the few adverse contemporary criticisms of *Trilby*. In the admirable preface of the *Vie de Bohême*—which, by itself, is one of the finest "special articles" ever written in any language—Murger traced the history of Bohemianism from the times of the Grecian vagabonds who went about singing the loves of Helen and the Fall of Troy, through the age of the Troubadours, the century of the Italian Renaissance, the days of François Villon, the seventeenth, the eighteenth, to the present century. He defined Bohemia as "the stage of art life, the anteroom of the Academy, the Hospital or the Morgue." Of Bohemians he said:

> To achieve their aims, all roads are good, since they know how to avail themselves of the chances of the way. Neither rain nor dust, neither shadow nor sunshine—nothing stops these bold adventurers whose very vices are lined with virtues. Their wits are spurred by their ambition, which sounds the charge and urges them to the assault of the Future. With them existence itself is a work of genius; a daily problem to be solved by the most daring mathematics. These men could borrow money from Harpagon and find truffles in the skull of Medusa. At need they know how to practice the abstinence of an anchorite, but let fortune smile on them for a minute and they cannot find windows enough out of which to throw away their money. Then, with their last crown gone, they begin again to dine at the *table d'hôte* of chance, where their places are always set, spending their days in the chase of that elusive animal, the five-franc piece.

II

Once upon a time, in the days of the Second French Empire, three Britons studying art shared a studio in a corner of the Paris Latin Quarter designated as the Place St. Anatole des Arts. The first was a huge Yorkshireman who had served in the Crimean War, named Talbot Wynne, better known as "Taffy." The second was Alexander McAllister, a Scotchman upon whom had been bestowed the nickname of "The Laird." The third he was "Little Billee," otherwise William Bagot, some years younger than the other two, and of vastly greater potential talent. Came into their lives for good and evil Trilby O'Ferrall, who was the daughter of an Irish gentleman gone far wrong, and a Scotch barmaid, and who eked out a living in the Latin Quarter as *blanchisseuse de fin* and artist's model. Clad in the grey overcoat of a French infantry soldier with her bare dragging feet encased in a huge pair of male list slippers, she appeared at the door of the studio, and once seated cross-legged on the model throne near the piano she had taken a very definite place in the lives of her hosts. Entered, also, the Oriental Svengali, the evil genius of the tale, and his pupil Gecko to make music the like of which the Britons have never heard before, and to induce Trilby to song and the revelation of her absolute tone deafness. That in brief is the setting with which the story begins. How the three musketeers of the brush separately fall in love with Trilby, how her devotion to "Little Billee" assumes the heights of passionate worship, how Svengali pursues her with his leering glances and subjects her to his strange hypnotic power, how on the night of the Christmas celebration "Little Billee" for the nineteenth time asks Trilby to marry him and Trilby says "God forgive me, yes," how his mother arrives for the purpose of preventing the marriage and Trilby renounces her love, how "Little Billee" goes mad with grief and falls into a desperate sickness—these incidents of the narrative need only be suggested.

Five years later the three musketeers of the brush are again reunited in Paris, famous. They are there for the purpose of hearing La Svengali, the fame of whose voice has filled the civilised world. To her Alboni and Adelina Patti are as apples to a peach. Taking their stalls

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in the opera house the musketeers are astonished to recognise in the first violin of the musicians their old friend Gecko of the Place Anatole des Arts. Then appears another acquaintance, the sinister Svengali, to lead the orchestra, and two little page boys each draw a silken rope and the parting curtains reveal the figure of Trilby herself. Late that night, arm in arm as usual, "Taffy," "The Laird" and "Little Billee" troop back through the boulevards, living again in thought that brief hour in which La Svengali had brought back to the world "il bel canto" that had been lost. Can she really be the Trilby of the old studio days, Trilby the tone deaf? "The Laird" doubts, "Taffy" doubts, but "Little Billee" knows better, for he feels the surge of the old passion coming over him with overwhelming force. Then the next day he sees her riding in the Champs Elysées by the side of Svengali and she stares at him with the cold stare of disdain; and later in a hotel courtyard he meets Svengali, who looks at him with hate, spits in his face and strikes him, injuries that are promptly avenged by the Herculean "Taffy." Some weeks later La Svengali goes to England. From the box opposite his wife's place on the platform from which he was to conduct, Svengali glares down upon the musketeers with an expression of terrible wonder, rage, and fear. Then amid thunders of applause Trilby is led to the front of the stage, the band strikes up the opening bars of "Ben Bolt" and "Taffy," "The Laird" and "Little Billee" hear, not the voice that had charmed and maddened Europe, but the voice they remembered five years before on that April morning in the Paris studio. The tumult is quelled when the manager appears to explain that M. Svengali has suddenly died in that box, that his wife has seen it from her place on the stage, and apparently has gone out of her senses. From the theatre Trilby is taken to the home of Mrs. Bagot, there to linger for a time and finally to die gazing on a full-length portrait of Svengali, crying aloud his name with her last breath. "Little Billee" does not long survive her. The mystery of it all is cleared up years later, when "Taffy" and his wife, who had been "Little Billee's" sister, come upon Gecko in a Paris

THE ATÉLIER GLEYRE IN DU MAURIER'S "RAPIN" DAYS. THE ATÉLIER GLEYRE WAS THE ORIGINAL OF THE "ATÉLIER CARREL" OF "TRILBY"

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theatre and learn how the Trilby whose voice had enchanted the world had been a sleeping Trilby, an unconscious instrument, upon which the malignant but amazingly gifted Svengali had played at his will.

III

George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, the son of a French father born in England, and an English mother, was born in Paris on March 6, 1834. The elder du Maurier, a scientific man, designed his son for a scientific career, and to that end placed him as a pupil in the Birkbeck Chemical Laboratory of University College. The boy had little liking for the work and spent most of his time in drawing caricatures. His ambition at that period was to go in for music and singing. The family were all musical, a sister, who later married Clement Scott, was a gifted pianist, and the father possessed a voice of such rare beauty that had he taken up singing as a profession, he would undoubtedly have been one of the greatest singers of his time. Perhaps it was his own sound knowledge of the art—in his youth he had studied music for some time at the Paris Conservatoire—that led him to discourage all musical aspirations in his

FELIX MOSCHELES AND DU MAURIER WERE CLOSE COMRADES IN THEIR STUDENT DAYS IN ANTWERP. FAVOURITE POINTS FOR DU MAURIER'S CARICATURES WERE HIS OWN *UP-TURNED NOSE* AND *MOSCHELES'S DOWN-TURNED NOSE*. IN THESE DRAWINGS HE PICTURES HIMSELF AND HIS COMRADE. HAD THEY BEEN OF THE FAIR SEX; HAD THEY BEEN HANDSOME; HAD THEY NOT BEEN ARTISTS; HAD THEY BEEN HORSES; HAD THEY BEEN SOLDIERS

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son. So, denied a musical career, and finding himself woefully unfitted for a scientific one, George du Maurier turned to art. Returning to Paris after the death of his father in 1856, he entered Gleyre's studio—the original of the "Atelier Carrel," in *Trilby*—to study drawing and painting. Those were his joyous Quartier Latin days, spent in the society of Poynter, Whistler, Armstrong, Lamont, and others. He drew upon them in the writing of *Trilby* just as he drew upon the memories of earlier Paris years for the material that went to the making of *Peter Ibbetson*. But the apprenticeship at Gleyre's was not a long one, for in 1857 the du Maurier family went to Antwerp, and there George worked at the Antwerp Academy under Der Kayser and Van Lerius. It was one day in Van Lerius's studio that the great tragedy of his life took place. Du Maurier himself has described it: "I was drawing from a model, when suddenly the girl's head seemed to me to dwindle to the size of a walnut. I clapped my hand over my left eye. Had I been mistaken? I could see as well as ever. But when in its turn I covered my right eye I learned what had happened. My left eye had failed me; it might be altogether lost. It was so sudden a blow that I was as thunderstruck. Seeing my dismay, Van Lerius came up and asked me what might be the matter; and when I told him, he said that it was nothing, that he had had that himself, and so on. And a doctor whom I anxiously consulted that same day comforted me, and said that the accident was a passing one.

IF WE HAD NOT BEEN ARTISTS—IF WE HAD BEEN HORSES
IF HE HAD BEEN A HORSE

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IF WE HAD BEEN SOLDIERS

However, my eye grew worse and worse, and the fear of total blindness beset me constantly." That event poisoned all du Maurier's existence. In the spring of 1859 he heard of a great specialist who lived in Düsseldorf, and went to see him. The specialist examined du Maurier's eyes, and said that while the left eye was certainly lost, there was no reason to fear losing the other. But to the end of his days du Maurier was never able entirely to shake off the terrible apprehension.

In 1860 du Maurier made his way to London, determined to earn his own living. His first London lodging was in Newman Street, where he shared rooms with Whistler. His first *Punch* drawing, appearing in June, 1865, represented Whistler and himself going into a photographer's studio. Although du Maurier late in life spoke of his drawings at that early period as "shockingly bad," his life in London from the beginning was a prosperous one. Those casual contributions to *Punch* paved the way to his taking his seat at the *Punch* table—the seat that had been John Leech's, by the way—and beginning the long years of holding up the mirror to English society in such creations as Bunthorne, Postlewaite, Sir Georgeous Midas, and Mrs. Ponsonby Thompkins. He made many friends and was soon intimately rubbing elbows with all that was best in London's art, music, and letters. But he came a little too late to know some of the great Victorians, never seeing Dickens save at John Leech's funeral, and meeting his great literary idol Thackeray only once.

IV

One day toward the end of his life du Maurier, in conversation with Anstey, expressed surprise at the success of his books, considering that he had never written before. "Never written!" cried Anstey. "Why, my dear du Maurier, you have been writing all your life, and the best of writing practice at that. Those little dialogues of yours, which week after week you have fitted to your drawings in *Punch,* have prepared you admirably. It was *précis* writing, and gave you conciseness, and repartee, and appositeness, and the best qualities of the writer of fiction." Perhaps Anstey was right, and that was the secret. For he was seven and fifty years of age before his first novel, *Peter Ibbetson,* was given to the world. He himself has related curious circumstances under which he came to write. He was walking one evening with Henry James up and down the High Street in Bayswater. James said that he had great difficulty in findplots for his stories. "Plots!" exclaimed du Maurier, "I am full of plots." He went on to outline the plot of *Trilby.* "But you ought to write that story," cried James. "I can't write. I have never written," was the retort. "If you like the plot so much you may take it." But James would not take it, saying that it was too valuable a present, and that du Maurier must write the story himself.

On reaching home that night du Maurier set to work. But it was not on

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Trilby. By the next morning he had written the first two numbers of *Peter Ibbetson*. It seemed, he said, all to flow from his pen, without effort, in a full stream. But he thought it must be poor stuff, and he determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend this new departure. So he walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that he saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted him and reassured him; for, as readers will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of *Peter Ibbetson*. The book, by the way, was written first in English, then translated into French, and then back again into English. Just as America was later to set rolling the ball of *Trilby's* popularity, America was first to welcome du Maurier in the rôle of a novelist. He was dining with an American publisher who said "I hear, du Maurier, that you are writing stories, won't you let me see something?" So *Peter Ibbetson* was sent over to America and was accepted at once. The number of readers who profess to believe that *Peter Ibbetson* is an infinitely better book than its more famous successor is legion. But is it? May not the preference be born from the very human spirit of contradiction? The traveller about the Mediterranean will frequently tell you how much finer he finds the Bay of Palermo than the Bay of Naples. The tourist in Ireland expresses enthusiasm over the lakes of Inchegeela and disappointment on the shores of Killarney. May it not be because of Killarney and Naples is heard so much and of Palermo and Inchegeela so little? Had it been the love story of Peter Ibbetson and the Duchess of Towers that had stirred two continents, would not the self-styled discriminating reader have been busy deploring the comparative obscurity of the tale of la Grande Trilby and the musketeers of the brush?

V

About six years ago there died in England a man named Joseph Rowley, who had been magistrate for Glintshire, and an old and close neighbour of Mr. Gladstone. He was the original of "Taffy" Wynne. When a young student in Paris he had been a comrade of du Maurier, Leighton, and Whistler, and throughout the entire Latin Quarter had been noted for his prodigious strength, and his skill at wrestling and boxing. "The Laird" was drawn from T. R. Lamont, the portrait painter, who never quite forgave the ridiculous French ascribed to him in the book. Whether there was any definite model for "Little Billee" is a matter of some dispute, but that in his delineation of many of the minor characters of *Trilby* du Maurier drew freely from the memories of his youth is beyond doubt, and to one such portrait is owed some of the initial exploitation that the tale received when it was appearing in serial form. Among the various characters who were described as forgathering in the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, there was mention of a certain "Joe Sibley," whose portrait was drawn with a pen that was not always flattering. "Joe Sibley" found his way to the attention of the irascible James McNeil Whistler, who detected in the portrait an unmistakable likeness to himself, and with characteristic promptness cabled threats of legal proceedings to the publishers of the American magazine in which *Trilby* was appearing. Though it served enormously to advertise the book, the episode was hardly more than a tempest in a teapot. "Joe Sibley" was withdrawn, and the harmless Antony, the *"roi des truands,"* substituted, and Whistler cabled: "Compliments and complete approval of author's new and obscure friend Antony." That was really the last fight of the American painter's stormy life.

Trilby was a name which had long lain *perdu* somewhere at the back of du Maurier's head. He traced it to a story by Charles Nodier, in which Trilby was a man. The name Trilby also appears in a poem by Alfred du Musset. And to this name, and to the story of a woman which was once told to him, Trilby

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owed her birth. "From the moment the name occurred to me," du Maurier once said, "I was struck with its value. I at once realised that it was a name of great importance. I think I must have felt as happy as Thackeray did when the title of *Vanity Fair* suggested itself to him."

Wonderfully clear in the memory after all the years remain the subordinate characters who took part in the studio revels of the days of Bohemia—Vincent, the Yankee medical student; the Greek "Poluphloisboiospaleapologos Petrilopetrolicoconose," so christened by "The Laird" because his real name was thought much too long and much too lovely for the Quartier Latin; Carnegie, fresh from Balliol and redolent of the varsity; Lorrimer, the industrious apprentice, Durien, and above all Dodor and Zouzou, the thoroughly delightful and uncommonly rowdy French private soldiers, who manifested so enthusiastic a liking for "Little Billee's" society in public places. Dodor, the dragoon whose delight it was to get himself stared at by fair daughters of Albion for speaking as good English as themselves, was bad enough. But it was the disreputable Zouzou who tried "Little Billee's" soul, the soul of a respectably brought up young Briton of the higher middle class, almost to the breaking point. On one desperate occasion these two stuck to him through thick and thin, finally bringing up before a superb mansion of the old French noblesse just at the moment that the two great gates rolled back a liveried Suisse appeared, and an open carriage came out in which were two elderly ladies and a younger one.

To Little Billee's indignation, the two incorrigible warriors made the military salute, and the three ladies bowed stiffly and gravely.

And then (to Little Billee's horror this time) one of them happened to look back, and Zouzou actually kissed his hand to her.

"Do you *know* that lady?" asked Little Billee, very sternly.

"Parbleu! si je la connais! Why it's my mother! Isn't she nice? She's rather cross with me just now."

"Your *mother!* Why, what do you mean? What on earth would your mother be doing in that big carriage and at that big house?"

"Parbleu, farceur! She lives there!"

"Lives there! Why, who and what is she, your mother?"

"The Duchesse de la Rochemartel, *parbleu!* and that's my sister; and that's my aunt, Princess de Chevagné-Bauffremont! She's the *'patronne'* of that *chic* equipage. She's a millionaire, my aunt Chevagné!"

"Well, I never! What's *your* name, then?"

"Oh, *my* name! Hang it—let me see! Well—Gontran—Xavier—François—Marie—Joseph d'Amaury—Brissac de Roncesvaulx de la Rochemartel-Boisségur, at your service!"

VI

It is not so much that George du Maurier toward the end of a life of rich artistic achievement produced three novels of unequal power but enduring charm. It is more that he created men and women who took their places in the Valhalla of fiction, men and women who, when we are behind the magic door, troop in in the mystic, musing, twilight hour. The curtains are drawn against the wintry sky. One by one, in the shadows, the welcome, ghostly figures glide silently in. The reader is free to choose the company he likes best, the faces that are dearest to him. To whom would the writer extend his own heartiest hospitality? A beginning must be made somewhere, so, without implying any favouritism that might be misunderstood, let us say that the first visitors are "the immortal four of the good Dumas. D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis *soyez les bien venus!* This is no half-hearted hospitality, so on a convenient table there would be succulent fare for Porthos, wine of Anjou for Athos, rouleaux of gold crowns for the provident Gascon, but as for "the dainty friend of duchesses"—let us pass on. Others from the pages of Dumas would

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be our old friend Chicot the Jester, and, of course, Edmond Dantes, Count of Monte Cristo. Martial figures all of these, and so, beside them from John Bunyan's allegory, there would be Great Heart, Conqueror of Giant Despair and Demolisher of Doubting Castle; from Scott, *Ivanhoe* and the Black Knight, Quentin Durward, and the valorous Dunois, while in another corner would be perceptible the pathetic face and figure of Jennie Deans. If half a dozen characters from Thackeray were to be of the company they would be Henry Esmond, George Warrington and Colonel Newcome (preference indicated by the order named) as the men; and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, Ethel Newcome, and Laura Pendennis as the women. Not for their heroic qualities would visitors from the Fable Land of Dickens be welcomed. Fancy trying to amuse one's self with the dreary society of Nicholas Nickleby, or the still more dreary society of Arthur Clenham, or having to be perpetually reminded of the deaths of Paul Dombey or of Little Nell! But there would always be a corner for Tiny Tim, and the best of good cheer for Sam Weller, Captain Cuttle, the "Artful Dodger," and the Crummles' company of comedians. From Fielding there would be Squire Alworthy, Parson Adams, and Amelia Booth, while on a promise of permanent repentance, Tom Jones might also be permitted to enter. There would be a round dozen men and women from Balzac's Comedy Humaine, and it goes without saying that no Valhalla of fiction would be worthy of the name in which Tartarin of Tarascon, accompanied by his faithful camel, did not occupy a conspicuous place. There would be any number of American faces; Cooper's Natty Bumpo, Chingachcook, and Uncas, Irving's Diedrich Knickerbocker, and Rip Van Winkle, Bret Harte's John Oakhurst and Colonel Starbuckle, Silas Lapham expatiating on his paint, and Colonel Carter on the glories of Fairfax County and the old South; Mr. Allen's King Solomon of Kentucky, and Joel Chandler Harris's Uncle Remus, and tucked away in some corner for juveniles Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, and, among youthful newcomers, still on probation, Mr. Tarkington's Penrod Scofield and Hedrick Madison, and Mr. Johnson's Hickey Hicks and Brian de Boru Finnegan. This kind of imaginary hospitality may be practiced on the most generous scale. Even were it otherwise, a company would have to be very limited indeed that did not include the musketeers of the brush and Miss Trilby O'Ferrall, *"la belle aux pieds d'albatre—aux deux talons de rose."*

THE BELGIAN LITERARY REVIVAL

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

JUST ten years ago, the distinguished Belgian novelist, Camille Lemonnier, wrote a delightful book entitled *La Vie Belge,* in which he projected the story of his own life as a man of letters against the background of the collective social and spiritual life of the little land which he loved with so profound and ideal a sentiment. With a charming retrospective tenderness, and with a keen appreciation of provincial humours, he gives the steps by which national consciousness slowly emerged some fifty years after political emancipation and consolidation, and by which this consciousness came gradually to find expression in a native literature so rich and original as at once to receive world-wide attention.

The "Belgian Renascence," as it was called, was, indeed, one of the chief out-

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standing events in the literary history of Europe during the last two decades of the last century. We heard about it in this country chiefly through little fin-de-siècle publications like the *Chap Book,* and in connection with the sudden fame, at first largely derisory, of one Maurice Maeterlinck who, it was repeated on every hand, had been christened by some crack-brained French critic, the "Belgian Shakespeare."

But if this writer of disconcerting little plays for puppets had originally the effect of rescuing his land from the literary oblivion in which it had long languished, the subsequent development of his individual fame has had rather the reverse effect, by causing the colossal suc-

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

cess of one poet to overshadow, eclipse, or sum up in itself, the results of a whole contemporary movement. And it was not until the other day, when suggested for membership in the French Academy, that Maeterlinck, naming Emile Verhaeren as a worthier candidate for that honour, again, for the second time, drew the attention of a very large part of the world to Belgium, not as the birthplace of one great writer only, but as the home of a whole group of poets.

II

Flanders and Brabant, with their French-speaking middle classes, have long since, in spite of their Teutonic race affiliations, been virtually provinces of the French spirit. Until quite recently, however, they have been particularly dreary and desolate provinces—lands *en friche,* as it were, whose intellectual relations with Paris were about as formal and infertile as those of Quebec and Montreal with the French capital at the present day, or of the United States to London in the first half of the last century. They were, it might be said, *les terres maudites de l'âme française*—territories that the true Parisian never thought of visiting for any length of time save as a last resort of political or other exile.

Baudelaire who, as Lemonnier remarks, "never forgave the Belgians for not having taken seriously the stories that he loved to tell evenings at the Globe Tavern in his icy tone," vented his spleen upon the little country which afforded him a refuge for his harassed last years, in verses and letters to his friends. But there were others who, in their day of necessity, entertained a more cordial feeling toward it. "After having passed the frontier of Belgium," wrote Eugène Pellatan, "I would gladly have knelt down and kissed this land of liberty." Pellatan who, after the *coup d'état* of 1851, was one of the proscrits of the Second Empire, went to Brussels, then a quiet old provincial capital, where at least the beer was good and the living inexpensive, and who numbered, among others, Hugo, Quinet, Girardin, Descanel, Laussedat, Hetzel, Charras.

These poets and publicists, living in obscure boarding-houses, and making their living in many odd ways, like the *emigrés* in London of an earlier generation, met evenings at the English taverns, and gave Brussels her first whiff of cosmopolitan literary Bohemianism. There was even one distinguished visitor from *d'outre Manche,* often to be seen at the "Prince of Wales" along with such local celebrities as Baudelaire's publisher, Poulet-Malassis, and Alfred Stevens, the painter of feminine elegances.

"M. Duport, professor of mathematics —it was under this name that Proudhon

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had entered Belgium—held aloof from his fellow-proscripts. On the other hand, Dickens, the great Dickens, got on so well with the company that he found at the 'Prince of Wales,' that in it he forgot his villa in the suburbs of London, prey to domestic conflicts. He also was a proscript, but a proscript of marriage: it was said that he had not always had legality on his side. When, with a play of facial expression which made him the equal of the most perfect actor, Dickens recited one of his marvellous stories, the inn-keeper ceased to manipulate his beer-pumps, and all the little pewter pint-pots arranged in a row along the bar, gazed at him with open admiration."

Another non-political exile was Alexandre Dumas who, fleeing from the cohorts of his creditors, had taken up his residence at a little hotel on the Boulevard de Waterloo, where he combined the functions of *chef* with those of *cuisinier* of masterpieces.

"Getting up at dawn, he installed himself at his work-table, his neck bare, his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and let his pen run on, not even stopping to punctuate, so as to save time. Regularly the *valet de chambre* entered to warn his master when the clock struck ten-thirty. Then the good giant let his copy go, put on his apron, and this elemental force of the *bon Dieu,* who thrilled the world with his prodigal expenditure of verve, genius, and heroism, forgot glory in wrestling with his pots and pans, and stirring sauces."

Every day Monte Cristo kept open table for his friends and acquaintances. To put everybody at ease, he charged a nominal price of twenty *sous* to all who sat down to the superb banquets which he served, and which were often followed by equally superb receptions where his squandered his hard-won earnings in princely fantasies and caprices.

"One gala evening, did not the Satrap, seized with a happy inspiration, tear down the sumptuous tissues which served as hangings and offer them to the Spanish *danseuses,* then performing at the Vaudeville, who happened to be his guests? In this sort of diversion the good Dumas succeeded in spending two hundred thousand francs in eighteen months. But he expended twenty times more wit still, and this wit, like all which fell from the hands of the great visitor, France, on her voyage of exile, was not lost for Belgium."

III

Lemonnier believes that it was from this period that dates, in inception, at least, the great literary revival. "The proscripts were the awakeners," he says. Lavishly they sowed the spiritual seed in that untilled Belgian soil. And yet it took many years still, as well as a new and greater extension of the French influence, for this seed to strike root, to spring up, and to prepare a harvest. The Franco-Prussian War put the finishing touches to this great work of *rapprochement* which was to bring the Flemish and Walloon souls wholly within the scope of the fruitful French influence.

What had been begun by the speech of the guests of the proscription was thus finished by the fortune of arms. The Empire, which had dreamt the annexation of Belgium, in effacing itself before France, gave back to her her ancient reign over hearts and minds.

One day Lemonnier, who shocked the provincial prejudices of the older generation, but charmed the younger, with the audacities of his naturalistic method which had already won recognition among those who attended the *soirées de Médan,* received a visit from a youth named Max Waller, who brought with him the first numbers of a review, *La Jeune-Belgique.* "Ne crains!" (Fear not!) was its motto, as well as of the little band of boyish literary adventurers who rallied around it.

Lemonnier was at once enrolled. He was the eldest in the growing circle that met at table every Friday, and that included such future favourites of fortune as Georges Rodenbach, the novelist, whose famous evocation of *Bruges-la-Morte* must be in many minds at present, and Constantin Meunier, the sculp-

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tor. But although his superiority in this temporal respect gave him a certain prestige and supremacy besides enabling him to be of practical assistance to the others in many ways, he was, he boasts, as young as any of them in spirit, and all turned to him eagerly for counsel and sympathy.

Stephan Zweig, in his recently translated work on Emile Verhaeren, has told the story, which has been so much quoted of late, how that poet, then a young man, introduced himself to Lemonnier. The

MAX ELSCAMP

latter himself gives the same incident in considerably greater detail:

"Verhaeren," he writes, "was then correcting the proofs of his *Flamandes,* his first book of verse. I shall never forget the way he read them to me one day in my study. . . . I did not yet know him. He had entered with great strides, with heavy foot and hanging head, like the rustic louts of his Lower Scheldt in the country-dances of his local merry-makings. In a low voice, somewhat stirred with emotion, standing in front of the windows, in the grey light of a rainy day, he started to read his wild and rugged verses. He read me nearly all, his near-sighted eyes almost glued to the paper, the tawny points of his bristling moustaches projecting, sharp as scythe-blades, beyond his strong, clean-cut profile. And to the beat of the verse his voice rose, broke in brusque cadences—a voice sharp and metallic which tore the lines to shreds, scattered the syllables, bit off the rhymes with his teeth.

"I saw in him at once," the writer continues, "a soul savage, sensual, mystic, plebeian, the soul of the vagrancies, of the butcheries, and also of the heroic exploits, the soul simple, elemental, impulsive, of the people of Flanders, peasants, weavers, cordwainers, fullers, sailors, that he was to celebrate in his verses. I must tell the truth: an old classic scruple remained with me, rebelling against these violences violating all tradition. Verhaeren having asked me to subject his proofs to a severe revision, I slashed with my pencil on the margin of this Hercynian forest of wild lexicologic and prosodic vagaries."

Instead of resenting these liberties taken with his Muse, Verhaeren has always been grateful to Lemonnier for his restraining hand at this early juncture of his literary career. But in view of the point which has usually been made of his metrical regularity in *Les Flamandes* and *Les Moines,* it would be interesting to study these proofs, that passed through Lemonnier's hands, in order to ascertain just how much this regularity is to be attributed to the curbing influence of the older man rather than to the natural artistic instinct of the younger—just how far, also, the latter actually anticipated, in the poems as they were originally written, the characteristic looseness and license of his later *vers libre.* He was to progress far beyond the Parnassian type of poetic naturalism preached by Lemonnier. But to that kindly and encouraging spirit he nevertheless owed his initiation into the great persisting traditions of French literature, as well as into the literary society of the provincial capital.

"From that day he was one of us. His nose in his plate, a lock of hair flung

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across his forehead scored with deep furrows, he ate and drank like a true Fleming, lifting from time to time a clear, lizard-like eye on his friends, and then bursting into sudden fits of laughter which shook him from head to foot. His gayety was like a gale sweeping over the native plains, in that Bornheim, neighbouring the Scheldt, where was passed his infancy—an infancy spent among respectable, well-to-do bourgeois relatives whom he alarmed with his turbulences. One day, all alone, he entered an inn, and started to dance with the six girls there. In his joy his blows broke shoulder-blades like drums. . . . The rumour reached home that he had broken everything in the bar like a veritable Pandour."

IV

But Verhaeren was only one of the scores of young men who, dedicated by their families to the bar, to the priesthood, to business, or to some other safe and sane pursuit or profession, broke bounds, once they had reached Brussels, and entered the entrancing lists of Art.

"*La Jeune-Belgique* had struck the arid rock, and now the waters came gushing forth. . . . Everywhere reviews and controversial leaflets sprang up, barricades were raised, and shots were fired. . . . There was *La Basoche* with de Tombeur, grave, precise, and valorous; *la Wallonie,* where Albert Mockel, a

J. K. HUYSMANS

EMILE VERHAEREN

melodist of verse, sang fables tenderly euphonic, old-fashioned, and naïve, of a savant and savorous simplicity. There was *le Réveil,* with Gregoire Le Roy, the poet of plaintive and far-off music haunted by the homesickness of old *airs de carillons,* and with Van Lerberghe, Serasquier, Maeterlinck."

Every day brought new recruits, so that in a short time there was formed a veritable little republic—as stormy as those of Italy in the Middle Ages. For, when these young poets were not fighting outsiders, they were rioting among themselves. The noise of these conflicts was bruited abroad:

"Yonder, in Paris, attention was awakened; the sacred wood of the Muses had felt a tremor; the young reviews fraternised, fresh laurels in their hands. French poets and writers came to Belgium: Mendès, Huysmans, Céard, Pélladan, the great Cladel . . ." and their visits were returned. The young provincial poets rushed to Paris to see Goncourt, Banville, Mendès, Coppée, Heredia, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Barbey—that old devotee of "dandyism" whose figure has been almost as unforgettably etched by Lemonnier, who describes a visit to him, as by Anatole France. As the visitors groped down the dark corridor looking for the right door in the strange old monastic mansion, they heard a feeble voice which told them to enter.

"Barbey was in bed, suffering, wrapped in his dressing-gown. Cladel

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presented me: Barbey at once became the *grand seigneur*.

" 'Permit me to receive you standing.'

"I saw him draw slowly from between the sheets the long pipe-stems of his legs, and when he stood upright in the low chamber, his head seemed to touch the ceiling. On the chairs trailed the overcoat with wide velvet revers, the lace cravat, the enormous cocked-hat shaped like a Chinese junk. When he sat down, his knees drawn up to his chin, and while he poked the meagre coke fire, he told us of his old *hôtel de Valogne.*"

Returning once more to Brussels the young Belgian poets brought back a little of Paris with them. The intellectual life, which became more and more *cosmopolite,* tended to centre at the house of Edmond Picard, the great barrister and patron of Belgian literature, who, the first to proclaim Constantin Meunier, was also, in advance of Octave Mirbeau, the first to announce Maeterlinck.

"Ah!" exclaims Lemonnier, "the evenings of intimacy, of good talk, of warfare, and of art in the *hôtel de la Toison d'Or,* and, later, in his house on the rue Ducale! One midnight, after a performance of Strindberg's 'Father' at the *Théâtre du Parc*, all were invited there for supper. Maeterlinck, who still lived in Flanders, had left his bees, and was there, grave, silent, dreaming, a little out of his element, as he always was in the city. He was truly himself only in the country, his pipe in his coarse peasant fingers, filling its black bowl with a fresh pinch of tobacco from time to time. I had known him at the house of the painter, Claus, at whose door he sometimes leaped from his wheel, bare-necked, muscular, broad of shoulders and loins, a regular country boy from the village. This great, silent, contemplative spirit little knew that he was about to see appear, under the features of the charming Georgette Blanc, the very visage of his destiny. A great silence spread from the far end of the hall, and suddenly she entered, stately and slow, with the jewel of her *ferronière* on her forehead, like a sign of empire, in the long swishing of her train. Picard presented them; she gave a little cry; and he looked at her, embarrassed, with his deep set peasant eyes, bowing awkwardly, while, with a deep reverence like a rite, the beautiful actress, with the ceremonious grace of a little queen of Byzantium, dedicated to him, without a word, the homage of her artist's worship. Maeterlinck looked at her a great deal, and scarcely spoke to her during supper."

V

The decade 1885-1895 was, as Lemonnier says, the heroic and religious age of the little country's literary history—an age of lofty aspiration and of pure faith in the ideal. "All were poor and no one thought of money. Souls were young, ingenuous, impassioned: they preferred to the gold of Zola the poverty of Barbey and of Villiers."

Yet, *tout de même,* a literary movement cannot subsist forever without public appreciation and support. There was very little of either in Belgium either then or later. Even in Brussels there were neither readers nor regular publishers. The public, accustomed to look to Paris for its literary fashions, paid no attention to its own writers, and the Government remained cold. It once gave three hundred francs to Verhaeren, but such munificent patronage was rare. The reason was that the *Direction des Lettres* was still, at that time, under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Agriculture. "There was never enough money for hogs and stallions. Besides, one minister, head of this department, once made a categorical statement on the subject. 'People live on good soup and not on good language,' declared this positive spirit."

Under the circumstances it is not strange that, one by one, most of the best writers, as they became known to the larger public outside Belgium, should, in spite of their loyal patriotism, have been drawn to Paris, where they have taken their places in the literary life of the capital. Little by little the "Belgian

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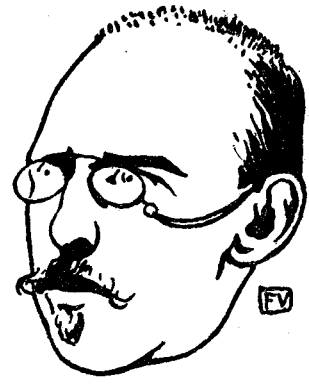
Renascence" has become merged in that larger movement of the whole of French literature, known as "Symbolism." Belgian writers, like Huysmans and Arthur Rimbaud, working hand in hand with Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, helped directly to shape this movement from the very start. And it is to no small extent the flower of the Belgian literary youth, with their comparative freedom from hampering tradition, and frank, outspoken, provincial enthusiasm, who, once it was started, have successfully continued it.

Just how important has been their collaboration may conveniently be seen by referring to the two volumes of von Bever's and Léautaud's *Poêtes d'Aujourd'hui*. There, among fifty-three poets represented, no fewer than ten are Belgians. They are Max Elskamp, André Fontainas, Gregoire Le Roy, Maurice Maeterlinck, Albert Mockel, Arthur Rimbaud, Georges Rodenbach, Fernand Séverin, Charles Van Lerberghe, and Emile Verhaeren—besides René Ghil, who is half French and half Belgian. The mere numerical proportion is impressive. But when one considers that this group contains two of the most representative writers to-day in the French language—Verhaeren and Maeterlinck—it will be seen clearly just what

ARTHUR RIMBAUD



GEORGES EEKHOUD

the great nation owes to the little one which now lies in ruins on its northern frontier.

As for the Belgian writers themselves, while they are no longer, for the most part, thought of as forming a separate national school, they have none the less performed the greatest possible service for "la patrie." They have brought to Belgium a new respect and a new prestige that it would not otherwise have enjoyed. Formerly, in Paris, at least, the word "Belgian" never failed to carry with it a shade of contempt, while any pretensions on the part of the Belgian people to taste and culture were sneered at. Now, as Lemonnier says, "nobody troubles to ask whether Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Eekhoud are from any other country than the great literary fatherland. Or rather, they are known to be Flemings, and are fêted as if they were Frenchmen."

These three writers and their fellow-poets and novelists have, in short, given Belgium a securer "place in the sun" of the world's respect, than her former formidable industrial prowess ever won for her. Now that so many of the monuments of her modern material civilisation, celebrated so characteristically by Verhaeren, have been razed, destroyed, obliterated, their works still remain to remind the world that a nation is not a mere strip of land, but the soul of a people.

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THE LORE OF THE LATE JOHN MUIR

On a sparkling April day in California ten years ago a gaunt, grizzled old mountaineer and nature lover and a city man who also loved the wilds scrambled through the chaparral up the ridges of Mount Tamalpais. From the summit of that serene eminence whose base is washed by the Pacific waves, they looked down upon a broad blue bay outspread before them in liquid light. To the right grey San Francisco sat upon its seven hills. To the left the scattered peaks of the Coast Range loomed above broad valleys and cañons. Straight before them, more than two hundred miles away, over the wide plain of the Sacramento, clear across the great State of California, the Sierras lifted their faint, ghostly minarets of snow. It was a rare scene. The altitude of the observers set at naught the convexity of the globe and the unusually clear air aided the eye to defy distance.

"What a wonderful thing is sight!" observed the old mountaineer. "From this position it takes only the fraction of a second to cover a space upon the earth that it would require a week for human feet to traverse. Yes; I was more than ten days on my first tramp from San Francisco to the Sierras. And what an interesting tramp it was, over the hills and through the great valley! It was in the spring, just like this, and the flowers were so thick for miles and miles that I hardly could set my foot down without crushing them. It was a rapturous sight. Beauty, beauty, beauty all the way."

"And the Sierras," asked the city man, "did they meet your expectation?"

"The Sierras!" cried the traveller. "There is no such range in all the world. It should be called the Range of Light. I have climbed mountains all over the globe. I have lived among the Sierras many years and they are the most divinely beautiful of all the mountain chains I ever have seen. And for magnitude—well, remember the range is over four hundred miles long. I love to think how those great peaks were sculptured by the creative forces. Eruption has succeeded eruption and will still succeed it. Shasta will erupt. So will Lassen. Men have confidingly built their homes and planted their orchards on the sides of fire mountains that may at any time during our lives belch forth in flame and smoke. It would be a terrible, yet a glorious sight."

Here was a remarkable prophecy, made by a remarkable man, John Muir, to the present writer, and the prophet lived to see his words come true. Nor did he live much longer, for he died a short time after Mount Lassen, after what was probably over a thousand years of silence, broke forth with might rumbling in the sublime spectacle of its first historic eruption.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that this fact is set forth. It is good to think that the man who of all men knew the Sierras best, who loved them most and who wrote of them in such authentic and glorifying terms should have been spared to witness their most wonderful manifestation.

When John Muir was called from his earthly sojourn last December, the world lost one of its greatest physiographers, nay, more—one of its finest poets. For it was given to him not only to seek out the wonders of the woods, the ranges and the glaciers, but to write of them in language in which there always was more of poetry than of prose. Born in Scotland, he came to this country with his parents in his eleventh year, when he worked hard on a Wisconsin farm and harder still in college. He was employed in a carriage factory when one of his eyes was injured, though not permanently. Had it not been for that mishap he might never have become a scientist. He took a vacation tramp from Wisconsin

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through the South and then determined to go to California. In the Golden State he began a scientific study of its forests and mountains. He probably knew more about glaciers than any other man of his age. He discovered the great glacier in Alaska that is named for him.

He worshipped Nature. A friend of his once said to him, "John, you think more of a tree than you do of a man."

"What wonder," replied John. "Look at the trees and then look at the men!"

Yet he was a social being, in his strange, shy way. In his human converse he loved to dwell in the most solemn provinces of thought, but he was a man of infinite humour and would descend to the telling of the most ludicrous tales. His life was of the simplest. Bread and tea were about all he ever took as provision on his mountain tramps. These with a tin cup were his camp outfit. He laughed at the elaborate equipment of some mountain climbers. One of them, a man named King, after long and careful preparation, climbed Mount Tyndall and then wrote of his awful perils and narrow escapes.

JOHN MUIR

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"He must have given himself a lot of trouble," remarked Muir. "When I climbed Tyndall I ran up to the summit and back before breakfast."

On different occasions he guided both Roosevelt and Taft through the Yosemite during their Presidential terms.

"Presidents somehow don't interest me very much," Muir observed to the writer. "Taft was a pretty good fellow, but he annoyed me by his irreverence. He refused to regard Yosemite as a place to worship in and cracked some pretty poor jokes. Roosevelt was more serious. He showed some appreciation of the grandeur of the valley and asked very intelligent questions."

Muir was a master of woodcraft and could tell any tree at a glance. As a mountain climber, in the Sierras, the Andes, or the Himalayas, he was a marvel. He could stand on the sheer edge of a cliff and look straight down four thousand feet or more without the least dizziness. He could cross a crevasse on a sliver of ice with the ease of a rope walker. He attributed his athletic hardiness and his level-headedness to his obedience to the simple laws of health which he pursued all his life. Thoreau was his model and he exceeded him in his rigorous regime. Although enduring the most strenuous exercise and terrible exposure he rarely had a cold.

"Whatever illness I have suffered," he said, "has been from indoor living." His remedy for bronchitis was to go out and camp on a glacier, which drastic treatment, he declared, proved wholly effective.

He was a slow, laborious writer, much given to considering the infinite possibilities of expression. It took him three weeks to write a six thousand word review of Sargent's tree books. All of the poetic chapters of *The Mountains of California* and *Our National Parks* were written and rewritten many times before they were put into print. But the finality—that is the word—with which he treated such great subjects as the Yosemite and the Yellowstone must be the despair of all the truly appreciative writers on those themes who shall come after him.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD—AN APPRECIATION

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

In these days when popularity, for an author, means that his books are read some, but are talked about a great deal more, and that he himself is talked about more than his books, it comes with a shock of pleasing surprise to discover a writer who is read more than he is discussed. This has been Algernon Blackwood's fate thus far. The majority of his books have gone into several editions in England and in this country, and yet they are little talked about and the man himself even less. He has escaped requests for his opinion on all the multifarious subjects, from Esoteric Buddhism to the width of women's skirts, which our popular authors are expected to elucidate in the daily and weekly journals, a deadly result of wide advertising. Algernon Blackwood has been little advertised, except by readers who have come under the spell of his unique literary personality.

It is scarcely ten years since the first book over the name of Algernon Blackwood appeared in England, and already there are twelve volumes of remarkable stories bearing his name, stories that

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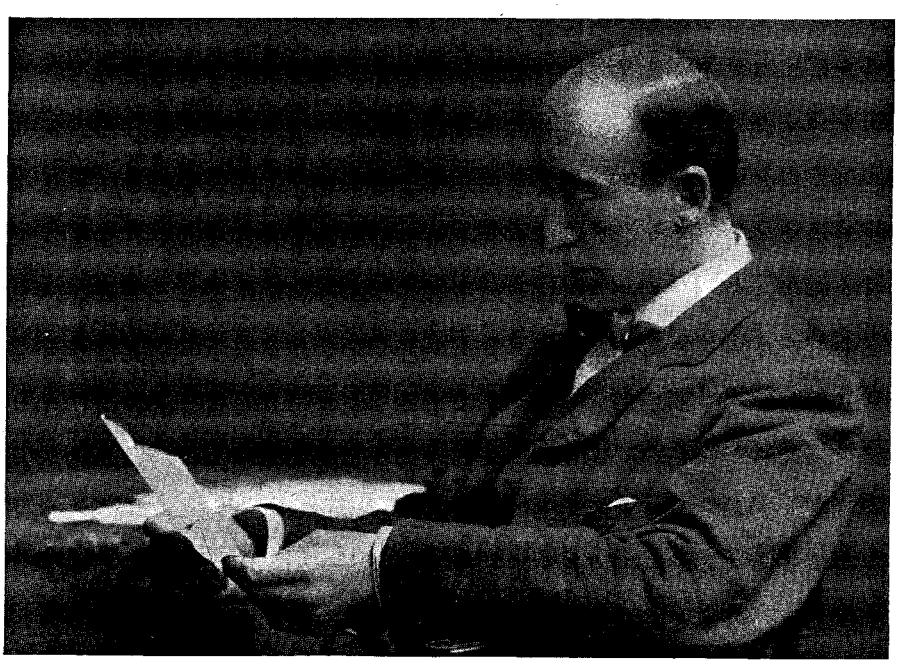
haunt one after reading, tales that are heady as new wine. His imagination and insight are as rare as his choice of subjects is unusual. But there is no pose about this choice, we feel the man could not express himself in any other way. His rather unique life experience, if one may judge from the few biographical facts he is willing to give, has kept him singularly free from the trammels of the Obvious. From a childhood and youth spent in a Moravian school in the Black Forest, he went to the Canadian wilds and to the life of the man who has only his own exertions upon which to depend. This in spite of titled ancestry which would seem to chain him to conventional habits. Every sort of work came his way, even newspaper work in New York, until he returned to Europe and began to express in literary form some of the rich experiences that had piled in upon a brain of rare sensitiveness. Having apparently entirely escaped the usual sort of life that should have fallen to his lot, there was little to interpose between the eyes of his mind and the Core of Things. The physical eye became the immediate receiver of impressions that registered themselves on a brain which did not have to forget prejudices and the superimposed opinions of others. The result is one of the most remarkable literary personalities of the present day, a personality too powerful to be imbibed in large doses even by the most hardened reader. To criticise this personality calmly, by the canons of accredited literary criticism, is a task that taxes self-control. One's pen limps lamely after his ten-league strides and in a moment of exhaustion one acknowledges that to do Algernon Blackwood justice one should be—Algernon Blackwood himself.

At first it seems that it is the subject which enthralls, then comes appreciation of rare insight and finally a realisation of remarkable stylistic power, rich and exuberant, a rush of words like a mountain torrent, suiting sound to sense poignantly, hypnotising like some East-



ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

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ern drug. The reader's progress to understanding follows the writer's progress of achievement. In his earlier books the subject sometimes taxes his power of expression. But with growing practice the gift of interpretation in words grows and grows—until his tendency to linger over the soul conflict and hurry with a sentence past actual happenings is handled with such mastery that it gives the chosen theme its greatest charm. There are few others who dare to do this. No one else comes to mind just now who ventures it in such degree unless it be that wonderful Danish prose stylist J. P. Jacobsen, who dislikes actualities and lingers lovingly over realities as Blackwood does.

Algernon Blackwood's chosen theme is the Unknown, the great realm that lies beyond the world of the Known and the Obvious. He finds it in many places, in the forest depths of pathless Canadian wilds, in Egyptian desert sands, in smiling mountain valleys, and even in London streets and offices. It comes to the adult with a tinge of horror, because the adult dislikes and fears all that will not fall in line with his notions of what the world should be like. It comes to the child as something exquisitely sweet, in dreams of Star Dust Caverns, of beautiful beneficent Beings that understand one's play. And it comes to the cat—but then the cat is half in that world always and often has to come back from it when we would call her attention to our humble human selves! For Algernon Blackwood is one of those rare adults who can so sink his own consciousness of self that he can find his way into the psychology of the little child and the cat. They have taken him into the secret garden where they really live and he has interpreted it for us in tales of poignant sweetness. The child and the cat are the supreme non-conformists of a world which spends its energies trying to conform to some set pattern changing with the decades. They simply *don't* try, that's why so few adults understand them. In *A Prisoner in Fairyland; Jimbo;* some of the stories in *Pan's Garden* (New York: The Macmillan Company), and *The Education of Uncle Paul* (New York: Henry Holt and Company), Blackwood has given us lyrics of childhood that will last. Children themselves may not understand them until they grow up, and then only if they are the sort of children that never grow up. But the adult who Knows will find great storè of riches, and the lover of cats will find much delight, in these books.

But when the adult mind finds itself approaching or crossing the borderland that parts the Known from the Unknown, sorrow or horror even take the place of joy. And in the expression of this creeping horror that chills the heart when the human comes face to face with what is not human, Algernon Blackwood excels. It is not done sensationally, it seems to come from the man's inmost heart, as an expression of personal beliefs and experiences, and his stories have little dealing with organised or accredited spiritualism. He has only scorn for such futile mental debauches, he has no interest in ghosts that are ticketed and classified, and have even become fashionable. He lays no claim to "scientific research," but he can enthrall the reader until the sweep of unseen or dimly glimpsed Presences crowd thick upon us in the silent room and we long to get back, in sheer shrinking fear, into the "sweet wholesome business of To-day." Every degree of emotion felt by the mind and heart under stress of such experience figures in the many stories that deal with this subject. For sheer naked concentrated horror, unexplained and unexplainable, such tales as "The Wendigo" (*Lost Valley,* New York: Vaughan and Gomme) and "The Willows" (*The Listener,* New York: Vaughan and Gomme) may be said to lead among the stories of the supernatural. But many others are a gorgeous, haunting riot of imagination and creepiness, mingling terror and a sense of splendid free life, Real and Unreal, in bewildering confusion. "The Regeneration of Lord Ernie" and the stupendous "Descent into Egypt" in

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the book *Incredible Adventures* (New York: The Macmillan Company), "Ancient Sorceries," "Secret Worship," and "The Camp of the Dog" in *John Silence* (New York: Vaughan and Gomme) are some of the most noteworthy among these, although many others have power to hold and thrill unendurably. *The Centaur* (Macmillan Company) has sustained power of imaginative writing equal to the best Blackwood has produced. Arnold Böcklin, the Swiss painter, had such an imagination. And many a sentence in the best of the Blackwood stories takes the form of a Böcklin picture to the inner vision. One wishes Böcklin were still among us to illustrate these conceptions of a kindred spirit that can see the teeming life just beyond the Border of what human vision, hampered by human prejudices, considers fitting limit for the soul's sight.

And yet through all these tales of the power of What Lies Beyond to act upon human lives, there is a note of splendid courage in the appeal to the mind of man to understand that he may control —by controlling himself—all these powers, and take their strength into himself to form it over for Good. It is this note and the sincerity of the style which free the tales entirely from any reproach of desired sensationalism, and which also relieve the strain of horror, that might otherwise prove too strong to be wholesome. Algernon Blackwood stands in a class by himself. What effect it will have on his work if he should ever become popular and Sunday-supplemented, cannot now be foretold. But somehow there is that about his writing which arouses the hope that the good in it may survive even such a fate.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

V—The Rest of Europe

I

Outside of France, Stevenson's acquaintance with the continent of Europe was singularly limited. His failure to familiarise himself with many of the cities that are known to nearly every traveller arose not from any lack of opportunity, but merely from a lack of inclination. He had a gypsy love of journeying; but he devoted little forethought to his journey's end. In his attitude toward travel, as in his attitude toward college education, he might be "pointed out for the pattern of an idler." He would never go deliberately to any place for the sake of seeing any particular thing, however famous it might be. Travel of that sort would smack of system; and he preferred a drifting truancy. He was a fortnight at Frankfort-on-the-Main; but he never went to Heidelberg to see the castle. He spent some time at Montpellier; but he never went to Nimes to see the temple, nor to Carcassonne to see what might have served as the setting of such a mediæval story as *The Sire de Malétroit's Door*. One cannot imagine Louis going all the way to Castelfranco to see that single picture that some of us have seen,—a picture so consummate that it makes blood-brothers ever afterward of all the men of all the nations who have made that sacred pilgrimage; and if ever any accident of destiny had tossed Stevenson ashore at Patras, it may be assumed as certain that he would not have bothered to complete the journey to Olympia, even to see the Hermes of Praxiteles. He was not that sort of traveller. "The most beautiful adven-

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tures," he has told us, "are not those we go to seek;" and though Louis would never have gone to Olympia, he would have enjoyed adventures at every street-corner of Patras,—a town in which, according to systematic travellers, there is nothing to demand attention.

Thus, in analysing Stevenson's entire experience of travel, we are confronted by the paradox that he saw most where there was least to see. He has given us an essay on Monterey; but he has given us no essay on Antwerp. What appealed to him in travel was, first of all, himself, and, secondly, the casual people with whom he scraped acquaintance on a journey. Third and lastly [as Touchstone might have said], he had an eye for scenery; but he took no interest in what appeals to the majority of travellers. He would scarcely cross the street to see a famous building or a famous statue or a famous picture; he would never deliberately plan a trip to take him to a series of famous cities. Instead, he made it his boast that he could always be happy waiting at a railway junction, because he "would have some scattering thoughts," he "could count some grains of memory," compared to which the whole of many romances seemed but dross.

We may envy Stevenson that inspired self-sufficiency that enabled him, at any time, and in any place, to batter himself into an adventure [and this rather violent phrase is one that he himself applied to Robert Burns]; but we cannot envy him that almost obstinate truancy which robbed him of a sight of many of the wonders of the world. Travel, after all, must be considered as a serious engagement, if it is to be made conducive to the culture of a man. If a person capable of culture finds himself shipwrecked at the Piræus, he owes it as a duty to his destiny to leap into a cab and drive to the Acropolis. The point that joyous accidents might happen to him at the harbour-side does not obliterate the more important point that still more wonderful adventures might happen to him as he sat before the Parthenon.

But Stevenson, who cared so very much for letters and so very much for his own adventurous and stinging experience of life, cared very little for architecture or painting or sculpture, or for the glamour that tradition gathers around places that are memorable for a noble past. A cultured person is prepared to appreciate with equal keenness a worthy work of any of the arts; and by this definition, Stevenson was never a cultured person. He could appreciate only what happened to himself; and great buildings, great pictures, great statues, seldom [in any real sense] happened to him. Though widely read in literature, Louis knew little of the other arts,—far less than he might have learned if he had opened his eyes to the many opportunities for education that were offered in the course of his repeated pilgrimages. At Barbizon and Paris, he lived in the company of painters; yet never, even in his letters, does he show that he had studied the masterpieces in the Louvre. When he wrote his thrice-rejected essay on *Some Portraits by Raeburn*—the only work in which he touches on the art of painting—he was more interested in the personalities of the sitters than in the art by which their living lineaments had been made immortal. Except for the eloquent rhapsody on the Elgin marbles that was written in a personal letter to Mrs. Sitwell, he never revealed in any of his writings an interest in the art of sculpture. He played at composing music, just as he had played at drawing landscapes at Le Monastier; but he never developed any culture in the art. To architecture he seems to have remained almost entirely insensible: otherwise he would have recorded in his letters some impressions of the greatest buildings he had seen. Concerning art in the abstract he was an eager theorist; but he was strangely lacking in appreciation of art in the concrete, except, of course, within the precincts of that special art of letters which enchanted him into a special sort of scholarship. Outside his own field, Stevenson was not, like Hawthorne, afflicted with bad taste—the sort of taste that led the author of *The Scarlet Letter*

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to regard W. W. Story as a great sculptor: it is nearer to the truth to say that he had no taste at all. He would rather spend an hour talking amiably with a cab-driver than spend an hour in silent converse with the Venus of Melos. The first experience offered, to his thinking, an adventure; the second was merely an incident that might occur to anybody. Thus, for his great gift of attracting to himself adventures that pass other people by, he paid the penalty of indifference toward many great things that other people see.

II

ITALY

Few people, even among those who call themselves Stevensonians, are aware that R.L.S. was ever in Italy. In March, 1863, when Louis was twelve years old, his parents took him from Mentone on a tour through Genoa, Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice; and it was not until the end of May that the family returned northward, by way of the Tyrol and the Rhine. This trip, however, made no impression on his mind; and, in later years, the very fact that he had taken it seems almost to have faded from his memory. He was never heard to speak of Italy by any of his friends; and nowhere in his works, not even in his letters, does he ever mention any of the great Italian cities as a place that he himself had seen.

The author of *Life on the Lagoons,* Horatio F. Brown, who was a friend of John Addington Symonds, became intimate with Stevenson at Davos in 1881. The intimacy is attested by the fact that Louis gave to Brown his favourite copy of the *Fruits of Solitude* of William Penn. After returning to Venice, Brown

FLORENCE. A CITY THAT STEVENSON FORGOT. FROM AN ETCHING BY ERNEST D. ROTH

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sent to Louis some translations from old Venetian boat-songs; and the gift was acknowledged with the poem beginning,

Brave lads in olden musical centuries
Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,
Sat late by alehouse doors in April
Chaunting in joy as the moon was rising,

which, next to Tennyson's address to Milton, is the most successful experiment in the difficult alcaic measure extant in the English language. Throughout this intimacy, however, though Brown often talked of Venice for hours at a time, he never discovered that Stevenson had been there. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne has recorded that he never heard his step-father refer to the Italian tour except on one occasion, "when he recalled with delight the picturesque appearance of their military escort in horsemen's cloaks riding through the Papal States."

That a boy of twelve should spend nearly three months in Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice, and should afterward remember nothing but a single incident in the transit of the road, appears indeed incredible; yet why, if he remembered Venice, should he have neglected to reveal the fact to Brown? At so early an age, one would not expect a studious appreciation of architecture or of painting or of sculpture; but one would expect, at least, that the strangeness of a city where the streets are water would register an indelible impression on the mind. And to see Florence at twelve and then forget it seems a little like a sin that needs to be forgiven.

Yet this lack of interest in great and famous cities remained, as we have seen, habitual with Stevenson in later life. At no time would he have felt a sympathetic thrill at hearing the Italian proverb, "See Naples, and die." He would always have been interested more in "horsemen's cloaks" and in "the picturesque appearance of a military escort" along an open road.

For effects of landscape, on the other hand, he had an open and an eager eye at the early age of twelve. It has been already noted that he developed an enthusiasm for the valley of the Rhone on the journey southward to Mentone; and that he was able to recall the topograpy of that Riviera town itself with a singular particularity after an interval of ten years. On the return from Italy in 1863, Louis was driven through the Brenner Pass and subsequently saw the Murgthal in Baden. So vivid was his recollection of these mountain regions that, though he never visited either the Murgthal or the Brenner Pass again, he was able to combine his impressions of the two in the landscape-setting of *Will O' the Mill,* which was written in Edinburgh, fourteen years later, in August, 1877. The characters in this story are clearly English; but no such landscape exists in England, or in Scotland either. It is not surprising that the German Alps should have taken such strong hold upon the memory of an eager and impressionable boy; but the astounding and scarcely explicable fact remains that he was unable, at the same period of his career, to receive an abiding impression of the view of Buonarrotti's dome from the Pincio at sunset or the massive majesty of the Coliseum underneath the moon.

III

SPAIN

Stevenson never crossed the Pyrenees; but one of his most elaborate short-stories was required, by a psychological necessity, to be set in Spain. *Olalla* was written at Bournemouth in 1885. Many critics have singled out this story as an instance in which, contrary to his custom, Louis described a landscape he had never seen; but this statement is not entirely in accordance with the facts. He derived the setting from his memories of Spanish California. It is for this reason, doubtless, that he makes the vegetation too luxuriant and fills the mountain gorges with abundant water-falls. Those of us who are familiar with Spain will remember the aspect of aridity as the most insistent feature of the Spanish landscape. In such typical prospects as the view from the Escorial or the view

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THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE. THOUGH "R.L.S.," AT THE IMPRESSIONABLE AGE OF TWELVE, SAW GENOA, NAPLES, ROME, FLORENCE, AND VENICE, ITALY MADE LITTLE IMPRESSION UPON HIS MIND

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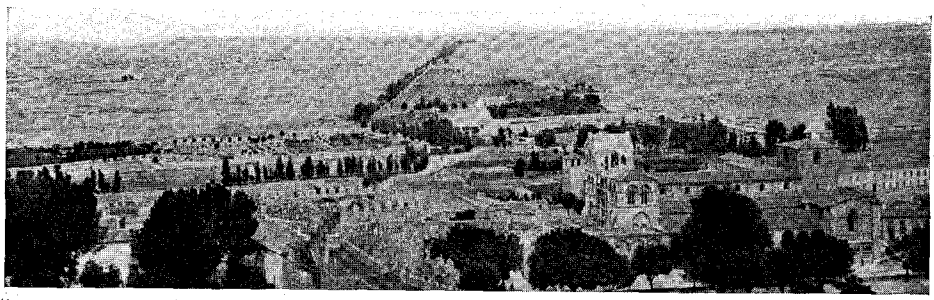

"IN SUCH TYPICAL PROSPECTS AS THE VIEW FROM THE ESCORIAL OR THE VIEW FROM THE PASEO DEL RASTRO IN AVILA, THE OBSERVER GAZES OVER BARREN SUN-BAKED PLAINS TO AN UNNATURALLY FAR HORIZON"

from the Paseo del Rastro in Avila, the observer gazes over barren sun-baked plains to an unnaturally far horizon. The Guadarrama Mountains, in which the story of *Olalla* seems imagined to occur, since the nameless city mentioned at the outset of the narrative can be no other than Madrid, are more dusty, more scraggy, more stunted and desolate in vegetation, than the California landscape from which Stevenson received his hints; and, even in the spring season, there is only an inconsiderable gush of water down the rocks.

The architecture of the residencia is sufficiently correct, except for one detail. The hero's room is "lined with some lustrous wood disposed in panels." I have never seen a room in any ancient Spanish mansion lined with wood. The sort of room that Louis had in mind would, in actuality, be lined with the kind of coloured tiling that is called, in Spanish, *azulejo*.

But what may be termed the psychological atmosphere of *Olalla* is absolutely Spanish; and Stevenson learned more of Spain by lying in bed in Bournemouth and imagining what it must be like than he learned of Italy by being taken from one end of the country to the other at the age of twelve. The slow decay of the entire Spanish nation seems symbolised by the tragical disintegration of *Olalla's* family; and the sedentary, smiling and weak-witted mother is characteristic of fully half the women that one sees in Spain to-day.

IV

GERMANY

Stevenson's experience of Germany was confined almost entirely to the summer of 1872. At that time, Louis was supposed to be studying law; and there had been some talk of his taking a summer session at a German university, in company with Sir Walter Simpson. A project so appalling to the apologist for idlers was of course rejected; but the two friends, having abandoned the purpose of the journey, saw no reason to abandon the journey itself; and they proceeded to Germany in July. Late in August, Stevenson's parents joined him at Baden-Baden; and he then went for a short walking-tour in the Black Forest, which afforded him several landscape-impressions that later became useful in *Prince Otto*.

The Arethusa and the Cigarette—as they subsequently came to call themselves—proceeded to Germany by way of Brussels. From this delightful little minor Paris, Louis wrote to his mother on July 25th. According to his habit, he said no word of Rubens or the Palais de Justice or the church of St. Gudule; but he wrote a charming description of the nocturnal aspect of the Parc, and appended a vivid picture of a boy at his hotel who went about with a live snake in his pocket.

The two adventurers settled down at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and endeavoured, in a desultory fashion, to soak in the German language. Why they should

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have picked out Frankfort in preference to Dresden or Munich or Berlin remains a mystery. Frankfort is merely a commercial city, with no picturesque details except a second-rate cathedral and a rather charming group of old houses called the Römer; and even the German Baedeker advises the tourist to dismiss it with a single day.

It is not surprising that, at Frankfort, Louis should have gathered the impression that Germany was less civilised than Belgium. He wrote to his mother, on July 29th:—"I had a swim in the Main, and then bread and cheese and Bavarian beer in a sort of café, or at least the German substitute for a café; but what a falling off after the heavenly forenoons in Brussels!"

His method of studying the German language was to provide himself with a copy of the *Lieder und Balladen von Robert Burns,* "translated by one Silbergleit," and to regale the company at little rural taverns by reciting such verses as *"Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier."* Also he allowed the natives to ask him questions about Scotland. He went often to the opera; but he could not follow the language sufficiently to understand a play.

The two friends lived first at the Hotel Landsberg, and later moved into lodgings at number 13 Rosengasse. This address was distant only a single block from the house, at number 23 Grosse Hirschgraben, where Goethe was born, on August 28, 1749, and spent his boyhood. Apart from its association with the greatest modern poet, the Goethe-Haus is well worth visiting for its architectural dignity and atmosphere of age; yet it may be doubted if Louis ever went to see it. It is never mentioned in his letters from the Rosengasse. Instead, we find descriptive passages like this:—"There is here such a twittering of canaries (I can see twelve out of our window), and such continual visitation of grey doves and big-nosed sparrows, as make our little bye-street into a perfect aviary." No other visitor to Frankfort would have counted those twelve canaries; and no other would have remained indifferent to Goethe's house around the corner. Here we have in a nutshell the definitive feature of Stevenson's attitude of mind toward travel.

The German language did not come easily to Louis, nor did he develop any lasting interest in German literature. For a year or two after his stay in Frankfort he occasionally drifted into German phrases in his letters; but, considering his experience as a whole, it may be said that Germany meant next to nothing to him. Nobody who loved France so wholeheartedly as Louis could ever feel entirely at home beyond the Rhine.

He made no use of Germany in his works except for the landscape-background of *Prince Otto.* This book was begun in California and finished at Hyères; but not only the nomenclature of the characters but the entire aspect of the countryside is German. Any travelled person, if asked to locate the imaginary state of Grünewald, would set it either in the Black Forest or in the mountains of Bavaria. Many of Stevenson's most elaborate effects of landscape are developed in this story; and it is therefore interesting to record that he had seen very little of the district from which he took the scenery. A day or two in

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, WHERE STEVENSON AND SIR WALTER SIMPSON STUDIED AT GERMAN IN 1872

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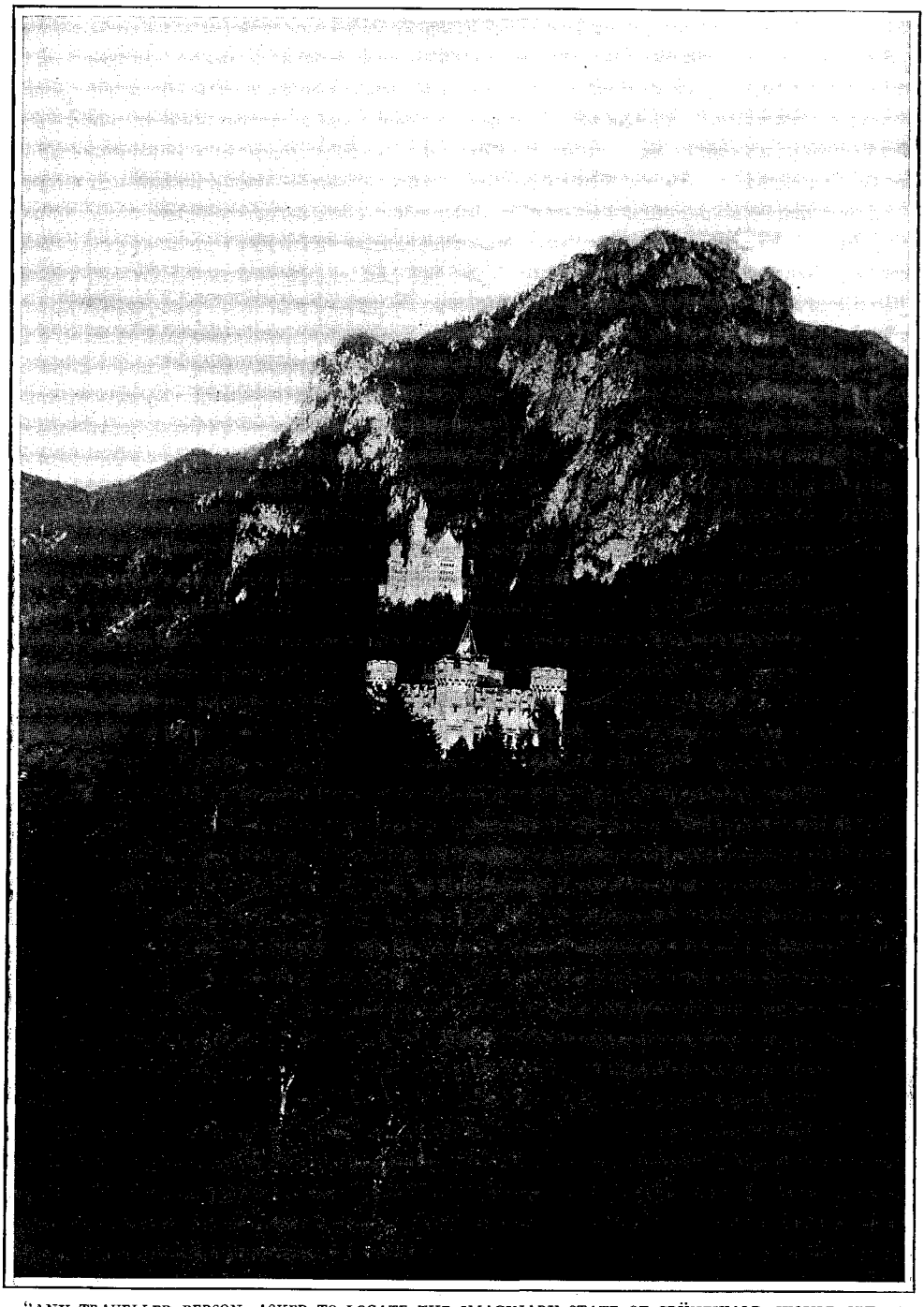

"ANY TRAVELLED PERSON, ASKED TO LOCATE THE IMAGINARY STATE OF GRÜNEWALD, WOULD SET IT EITHER IN THE BLACK FOREST OR IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BAVARIA"

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Bavaria and a week or two in Baden afforded him a fund of memories on which he could draw a decade later in distant California; but of German cities, German art, and that methodical devotion to a regular routine that the Germans call life, he received no impressions that, in after years, seemed worth recalling.

V

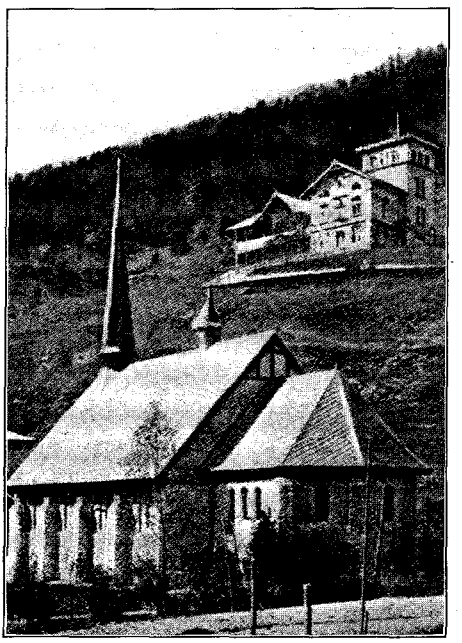
SWITZERLAND

Every landscape-painter knows that great mountains are less amenable to the uses of art than more homely and habitable hills, just as [in the technical sense of the word] the falls of Niagara are less "picturesque" than the falls of some comparatively little river like the Clyde. This may be the reason why Stevenson was more interested in the look of villages than in the look of cities; and it is certainly the reason why he set *Prince Otto* in Southern Germany instead of Switzerland,—a country that was better known to him.

Stevenson spent two winters in Switzerland; but his feeling for the high Alps was conditioned by the fact that he did no go there as a tourist but was sent there as an invalid. In the autumn of 1880 [the first year of his married life] he was ordered by his physicians to try the clear cold climate of the Alps; and he selected Davos Platz as a place of residence, mainly because another famous literary invalid was already installed there. This was John Addington Symonds,—the "Opalstein" of *Talk and Talkers*.

Stevenson arrived at Davos Platz, with his wife and step-son, on November 4th, and remained there, at the Hotel Belvedere, until the following April. The conditions of his life in this Alpine resort were vividly described in a series of four papers sent home to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. *Health and Mountains* appeared on February 17, 1881, and was followed by *Davos in Winter* on February 21st, *Alpine Diversions* on February 26th, and *The Stimulation of the Alps* on March 5th. These interesting papers stand, in two ways, unique among his writings. In the first place, they violate his lifelong habit of never describing a place till after he had left it; and in the second place, they are the only essays, with the single exception of *Ordered South,* in which he appears before the public frankly as an invalid.

Stevenson did scarcely any other work that winter, except to see *Virginibus Puerisque* through the press. It was a passive period in his existence, during which he was contented to sit around and watch himself grow well. Mrs. Sitwell came out in the early spring, to watch beside the death-bed of her young son, who succumbed to consumption in the month of April. This sad event was the occasion of Stevenson's greatest poem—to me, at least, it has always seemed the greatest—the poem entitled *In Memoriam F.A.S.,* which ends with the stanza:



THE CHALET AM STEIN—DAVOS PLATZ

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name.

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Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

The next year, 1881, the Stevensons returned to Davos Platz on October 18th and remained once more till April. This season, they installed themselves in a house of their own, the Chalet am Stein, a dependency of the Hotel Buol, seated on a hillside above the English chapel. Here Louis completed *Treasure Island,* which had been begun at Braemar,—writing the last fourteen chapters in a fortnight of "delighted industry." Before leaving Davos finally, he also wrote nearly all of *The Silverado Squatters,* and several essays, including *Talks and Talkers* [suggested by his daily chats with Symonds] and *A Gossip on Romance.* This second season in Switzerland, it will be noted, was much more fruitful than the first; but Louis always fretted against the regulated life of an invalid resort, and he was delighted when his physicians permitted him, when the next winter rolled around, to forsake the high Alps and return to the Riviera.

There was so little to do at Davos that Stevenson passed a great deal of his time in play with his step-son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne,—who, at that period, was only thirteen years of age. It was at Davos that these two playmates developed the elaborate war-game which Mr. Osbourne has so charmingly described. The second season in Switzerland was also the occasion of the publications of the Davos Press. Mr. Osbourne had a toy printing-press, on which he set up a boyish composition of his own entitled, *Black Canyon, or Wild Adventures in the Far West: A Tale of Instruction and Amusement for the Young.* His

"I HAD MY FIRST LOOK AT HOLLAND—A LINE OF WINDMILLS BIRLING IN THE BREEZE"

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step-father caught the infection, and composed several playful poems for publication by "S. L. Osbourne and Company." These he illustrated with wood-cuts, having spontaneously discovered the art of wood-engraving by experimenting with chance bits of soft wood, cut apparently from packing-cases.

Both texts and illustrations of the publications of the Davos Press are known to Stevenson collectors. It seems to me that both have been a little overpraised. Many of the poems are lacking in point; and the cuts, though spirited in action and executed with evident delight, are a little too crude to be entirely amusing. They cannot hold a candle, for example, to Mr. Kipling's joyous illustrations to the *Just So Stories*. Neither man was trained to be a graphic artist; but Mr. Kipling's work, for all its faults, is art, and Stevenson's is not.

VI

HOLLAND

In a literal sense, Holland is the easiest country in the world to see. I distinctly remember that, once, when I was travelling through the Netherlands on a canal-boat, I saw at the same time, from my perch on the poop-deck, a distant prospect of three great cities,—Leyden and Haarlem and Amsterdam. The country, as everybody knows, is absolutely flat; and the view in all directions is in-

DELFT

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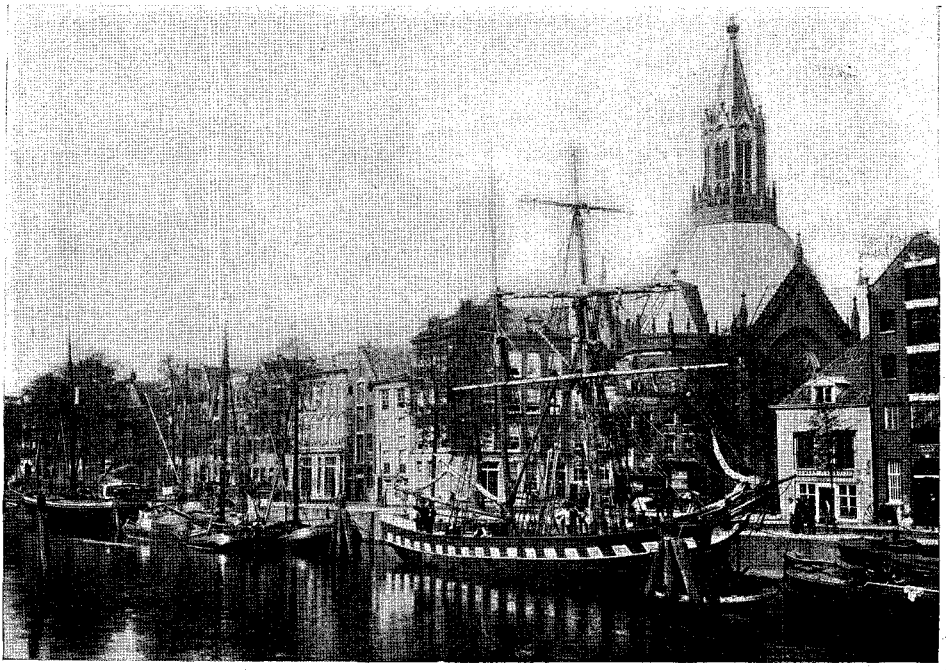

ROTTERDAM

LEYDEN

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terrupted only by windmills, scattered hamlets, and the long lines of trees that hedge the water-ways. The look of Holland [as the French would say] can be gathered at a single "stroke of the eye."

It takes time, however, to study the art-treasures of the country. With these treasures, Stevenson was not familiar. His knowledge of Holland was restricted to that single glance which has already been defined.

It was not because he cared especially for Holland that Stevenson, writing in far-away Vailima, set the final section of *Catriona* in that country. It was necessary, for the purpose of his narrative, that David and Catriona should journey alone together through some foreign country close to Scotland,—some country, moreover, through which a young girl could travel afoot without difficulty. Holland filled the bill, in both of these regards; and, furthermore, it was a country that Louis could well enough describe in Samoa without having any special knowledge of it.

As the two young lovers land at Helvoetsluys, the hero—who tells the story—says, "I had my first look of Holland—a line of wind-mills birling in the breeze." This description is interesting in two ways:—it is so orthodox in content, and such a little masterpiece of literation. David and Catriona proceed "in four hours of travel to the great city of Rotterdam." This great city is described in a single paragraph; and all that is precisely noted in this passage is that the streets were "pretty brightly lighted and thronged with wild-like, outlandish characters." This description would apply to many other harbour towns—Marseilles for instance; but the local look of Rotterdam is totally different from the local look of Marseilles.

The hero and the heroine proceed afoot from Rotterdam to Leyden, through Delft and The Hague. I have followed the same route on a bicycle, and know the country well. Delft is described by David Balfour in the following phrases,—"The red gabled houses made a handsome show on either hand of the canal; the servant lassies were out slestering and scrubbing at the very stones upon the public highway": and that is all. These details are true; they are, indeed, the two details most necessary to enumerate: but any one who loves the quaintest of Dutch cities must wonder why David Balfour saw no more of Delft on his pedestrian excursion.

The Hague is dismissed in a single word, without description; and the lovers finally arrive at Leyden,—a place determined by the law studies of the hero. Fifty pages are devoted to their life in Leyden: every day they go forth for a walk about the town: yet no single feature of this very interesting city is described, and, for all the reader is privileged to see, the scene might just as well be set in any other country. To sum the matter up,—though over a hundred pages of *Catriona* are set in Holland, the sentences devoted to description of the special aspects of that unique and fascinating country might all be printed on a single page. The narrative concerns itself almost entirely with a strictly personal analysis of the emotions of the hero and the heroine in their temerariously virginal relation to each other; and, dealing with a dramatic foreground so tremulous and thrilling, the novelist did not concern himself with the less provocative details of that descriptive background which stood ready to his hand.

VII

Stevenson's handling of Holland in *Catriona* is so characteristic of his treatment of the element of setting in many of his other works of fiction that it demands particular attention. The critical conclusions of the present writer on this subject may best be expressed by summarising a conversation with Mr. Henry James concerning the Dutch scenes in the novel now before us.

From Vailima, in December, 1893—a year before his death—Stevenson wrote to Mr. James as follows:—"Your jubilation over *Catriona* did me good, and still more the subtlety and truth of your re-

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mark on starving the visual sense in that book. . . . I *hear* people talking, and I *feel* them acting, and that seems to me to be fiction. My two aims may be described as—1*st*, War to the adjective, 2*nd*, Death to the optic nerve."

This passage had always a little mystified me. "Death to the optic nerve" seemed so baseless an ejaculation from an author who in the very book in question, had written such sentences as this: —"She sat on the floor by the side of my great mail, and the chimney lighted her up, and shone and blinked upon her, and made her glow and darken through a wonder of fine hues!" If this were not a visual effect, what was? And then there thronged into my mind a myriad remembered postures of characters arrested in some pose made ready for the illustrator. All his life, it seemed, Louis had been twanging at the optic nerve. What was meant, then, by the phrasing of this "great refusal"? Thereupon, remembering that, in his letters, Stevenson—chameleon-like—took colour from the person he was writing to, I determined to ask Mr. James to elucidate this statement.

I cannot attempt to print a verbal record of Mr. James's answer to this question; for such a record would read too like a parody of this great writer's later style. A witty lady once remarked that Mr. James conversed as if he were reading proofs. The fact is that the puzzling and fascinating style of his latest literary period is merely a literal recording of the manner of his conversation. I have never listened, with such rapt attention, to so entrancing a talker. A sentence, with Mr. James, is never the expression of a completed thought: it is always an adventure into the illimitable domain of thinking—interrupted by innumerable parentheses incorporating unexpected particularisations—and yet wonderfully winning its way at last to a rounded and completed close.

I cannot record the manner of Mr. James's utterance; nor would I imitate it if I could. What he told me, in effect, was this:—He had remonstrated with Stevenson, because, writing an historical novel dated in the middle of the eighteenth century, Louis had devoted more than a hundred pages to adventures set in Holland without affording the reader any adequate picture of that very interesting country in that very interesting time. Mr. James had considered that the business of the historical novelist was to grant the reader opportunities to live in other times and lands: here was an opportunity, and Stevenson had passed it by. The figures in the foreground were thoroughly imagined; but the background had no real existence. The same adventures of the spirit might have taken place in Rye, or in Albany, at the present day.

This recollection of Mr. James's unpublished letter to Stevenson enabled me at last to understand Stevenson's reply to it. In saying, "Death to the optic nerve," Louis meant merely, "Death to setting, when I find myself concerned primarily with character in action." What was the use of describing either Delft or Leyden in detail,—what was the use of recalling descriptively the aspect of the eighteenth century,—when what concerned the novelist primarily was merely the emotions of a virgin man and the emotions of a virgin woman thrust by chance into an exquisite and perilous propinquity?

This suggestive conversation with Mr. James led me to review Stevenson's attitude toward the element of setting in all his works of fiction. Did Louis habitually "starve the visual sense," I asked myself, or did he blur his background only when it was artistically necessary to focus attention on the figures in the foreground? I soon determined that the latter was the true hypothesis.

There are three elements of narrative, —action, characters, and setting. In any conceivable story, one of these elements must be more important than the others. Stevenson always directed the attention of the reader to that element of narrative which was necessarily predominant. In certain of his stories the emphasis was cast on the element of setting. "I'll give

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you an example"—said R.L.S. to Mr. Graham Balfour—"*The Merry Men.* There I began with the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which that coast affected me." In this particular narrative, the reader is afforded a detailed description of the Isle of Earraid; but Stevenson never set forth a detailed description unless it was demanded by the exigencies of the tale.

In most of his narratives, the predominating element is action, and the secondary element is character. In these stories, he permits the reader to see only those details of setting that are required for the business of the action or for the elucidation of the characters. If a man has to light a candle, there must be a candle: if the candle has to burn steadily, there must be no wind: and so on. If David Balfour has to lose his purse in a crowded street, he must have a crowded street to lose it in: hence the description of Rotterdam, with its streets "thronged with wild-like, outlandish characters." But—in any story of action or of character—to describe a city or a room for the mere sake of describing it, seemed to Stevenson a waste of time and diseconomy of attention.

In other words, his use of setting is entirely utilitarian. For the foreground of his most typical narrations, he was contented—in the phrase of old Dumas—with "four boards, two actors, and a passion." For the background, he painted in only those details that were indispensable to the conduct of the action. The Master of Ballantrae and his brother, Mr. Henry, had to have a house in which to quarrel and a wood in which to fight a duel. Two swords had to hang upon the wall, because two swords were needed. The season, and the weather, and the hour of the day must be fit to the occasion: "a windless stricture of frost" must "bind the air." But the teller of the tale deemed it utterly superfluous to describe particularities of landscape or of architecture that might be admired for exactness by special students of the place and period of the story.

Hence, the paucity of description in the chapters of *Catriona* that are set in Holland was determined not by Stevenson's lack of intimate acquaintance with the country, but by his resolute determination not to allow his scenery to distract attention from his actors, in passages in which he had determined that the actors themselves should hold the centre of the stage. Anybody who has spent three days in Leyden could describe the city; but who else but R.L.S. could analyse all the subtle implications of that quarrel over "a copy of Heineccius"? It is not always the business of an historical novelist to write history; it is more frequently his business to write a novel.

In visiting any foreign country, Stevenson seldom saw anything else than what, for his own purposes as an artist, he needed to see. "A line of wind-mills birling in the breeze" sufficed him for a hundred pages of *Catriona.* More cultured travellers might devote a week to studying the paintings of Franz Hals in Haarlem; but he was Tusitala,—the teller of tales.

In the following paper of this series, Mr. Hamilton will pursue the trail of Stevenson through New York, Newport, Manasquan, and Saranac. A detailed account will be published of an interview with Dr. Trudeau, of Saranac Lake, on the subject of Stevenson's health and disposition. The influence on Stevenson's career of the approbation of America will also be considered, with new evidence gathered from editors who patronised him at the time.

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PROPORTION IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

EVERY play is a dramatisation of a story that covers a larger canvas than the play itself. The dramatist must be familiar not only with the comparatively few events that he exhibits on the stage, but also with the many other events that happen off-stage during the course of the action, others still that happen between the acts, and innumerable others that are assumed to have happened before the play began. Considering his story as a whole, the playwright must select his particular material by deciding what to put into his play and what to leave out of it; and any number of different plays may be made from the same story by different selections from the material at hand.

Considering the entire story of *Hamlet,* for instance, it would be possible to make an interesting play in which the climax should be the seduction of Queen Gertrude by her handsome and unscrupulous brother-in-law, and the murder of the king by Claudius should constitute the catastrophe. In this play, the young prince Hamlet, remaining ignorant of what was going on about him, would play but a minor part and would be dramatically interesting only as a potential menace to the machinations of his plausible but wicked uncle. Many other plays might be selected from the entire drift of narrative from which Shakespeare derived the specific dramatisation that we know so well; and it is by no means illogical to assume that the same great dramatist might have made as great a tragedy of one of these innumerable other hypothetic plays.

But after the dramatist has made a definite selection of events to be exhibited, the nature of his play will still depend on the sense of proportion with which he develops the materials selected. What characters, what motives, what incidents shall he emphasise, and what others shall he merely shadow forth in the dim limbo of his background? Suppose the dramatist of *Hamlet* to have decided to begin his play after the murder of the king and to end it with the retributive execution of the murderer. It would still be possible to project Claudius as the central and most interesting figure in the tragedy. He might be exhibited as a man self-tortured by the gnawing of remorse, harrowed by an ever-growing doubt of the security of his assumed position, wounded to the quick by the defection of his queen, and ultimately welcoming the stroke that cut the knot intrinsicate of all his tortures. In a dramatisation so conceived, the young prince Hamlet would once more be relegated to a minor rôle. A shift in the proportions of the narrative would alter the entire aspect of the tragedy.

Whenever we go to a play, we witness only one of a myriad possible dramatisations of the entire story that the playwright has imagined. If we are dissatisfied with the drama, this dissatisfaction may frequently be traced to a disagreement with the playwright concerning his selection of material. Often we wish that the author had begun his play either earlier or later in the general procession of events from which he chose his incidents; often we feel that much that we have seen might better have been assumed to happen off the stage, and that certain other incidents that happened off the stage would have thrilled us more if we had seen them. But even more frequently, we may trace our dissatisfaction to a disagreement with the playwright concerning the proportions of his narrative. We wished to see more of certain characters and less of others; we were keenly interested in certain motives which he only half developed, and bored by

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certain other motives which he insisted on developing in full. We cared more about Laertes than Polonius—let us say—and were disappointed because the garrulous old man was given much to say and do and his gallant son was given comparatively little.

When a play with an obviously interesting theme fails to hold the attention and to satisfy the interest, the fault may nearly always be ascribed to some error of proportion. Too much time has been devoted to secondary material, too little to material that at the moment seemed more worthy of attention. The serious plot of *Much Ado About Nothing,* for example, tends to bore the audience, because they have grown to care so much for Beatrice and Benedick that they can no longer take any personal interest in what happens to Hero. When M. Rostand began the composition of *L'Aiglon,* he conceived Flambeau as the central figure of the drama. Later in the course of composition, the young Duc de Reichstadt ran away with the play; and *L'Aiglon* became, in consequence, a vehicle for Sarah Bernhardt instead of a vehicle for Constant Coquelin. M. Rostand was right in his ultimate perception that the weak son of a strong father would be more interesting to the public than a *vieux grognard à grandes moustaches;* and an obstinate effort to keep Flambeau in the centre of the stage would have diminished the popularity of the play.

In handling any story, the dramatist is fairly free to select the incidents to be exhibited and to determine the proportions of the composition he has chosen; but there are always two exigencies that he cannot safely disregard. The first of these is covered by Sarcey's theory of the *scène à faire,*—or the "obligatory scene," as the phrase has been translated by Mr. Archer. An obligatory scene is a scene that the public has been permitted to foresee and to desire from the progress of the action; and such a scene can never be omitted without a consequent dissatisfaction. The second exigency is that the dramatist must proportion his play in agreement with the instinctive desire of the audience. He must summarise what the public wishes to be summarised, and must detail what the public wishes to be detailed; and he must not, either deliberately or inadvertently, antagonise the instinctive desire that he has awakened. If the author has caused the public to care more about Shylock than about any other person in his play, it becomes, for example, a dramaturgic error to leave Shylock out of the last act. If the audience [as *may be doubted, in this instance*] really wants Charles Surface to make love to Maria, it becomes a dramaturgic error to omit any love-scene between the two. When *Ruy Blas* was first produced, the public was delighted with a minor character, the shiftless and rollicking Don César de Bazan. Thereupon, Dennery, with the permission of Hugo, made this character the central figure of a second melodrama, in which the public was permitted to see more of him.

There are certain characters that afflict the audience with disappointment whenever they leave the stage, and there are certain other characters that afflict the audience more deeply by remaining on the stage and continuing to talk; and the distinction between the two types can seldom be determined before a play has been "tried out," with the assistance of some sort of audience. To fight against the popular desire in the matter of proportion is to fight in vain.

"THE SONG OF SONGS"

The entire story from which Mr. Edward Sheldon selected the material for *The Song of Songs* was furnished by the famous novel by Hermann Sudermann entitled *Das Hohe Lied.* The play would have been more compact and more effective if Mr. Sheldon had begun his exhibition of events at a later point in the general procession of the narrative.

The essential story of the play is this:—Lily Kardos, divorced and disgraced, is living as the mistress of a rich young man named Richard Laird. An inexperienced college boy named Stephen

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Bennett falls in love with her and asks her to become his wife. Deeply touched by his idealism, she tells him the facts of her career; but he persists in his desire to marry her. His rich uncle, Phineas K. Bennett, who is an experienced man of the world, senses the situation and invites Lily and Stephen to dine with him in a private room of a fashionable restaurant. The uncle proceeds to ply the prostitute with drink until she misbehaves herself in so disgusting a manner that his nephew is emphatically disenchanted.

This material, which, though conventional and trite, is effectively dramatic, is incorporated in the third and fourth acts of a five-act composition. The rest of Mr. Sheldon's play seems comparatively undramatic. He began his piece too early and ended it too late.

The first two acts exhibit incidents in the antecedent history of the heroine that might easily have been summarised in retrospective passages of exposition. In the first act, she is asked in marriage, and in the second act, she is discarded by her husband: but neither of these events in her career requires exhibition on the stage. The fifth act, also, is superfluous. The uncle apologises to the heroine for the unsportsmanlike expedient he had been forced to employ in order to open the eyes of his nephew; and Richard Laird, having nearly lost his mistress, decides, somewhat tardily, to make her his wife.

In *The Song of Songs,* Mr. Sheldon repeated the panoramic, and essentially novelistic, structure that he had previously employed in *The High Road;* but, as in the earlier instance, his drama lost intensity through being spread out over too wide a canvas. Furthermore, this panoramic pattern betrayed him once more, as in *The Nigger,* into the error of altering the characters of his leading personages from act to act. He might have made a more consistent composition by concentrating his attention on the incidents that stood at the climax of the novel he was dramatising.

The Song of Songs owes its popularity mainly to the sensational features of its story and to the unabashed vulgarity of its dialogue. The theme of Sudermann's novel—that a woman may be guided by the quest of perfect love, no less in sinking through the successive degrees of degradation than in following the strait and narrow path of virtue—is submerged beneath a chaos of inconsistent characters doing inconsistent things. The play is actual enough, at nearly every moment; but, as a whole, it is singularly lacking in reality. Truth can never be accomplished by merely adding facts together, as figures are added in a column; and this essential principle of art Mr. Sheldon has failed to learn, from the date of his first play, *Salvation Nell,* to the date of his latest play, *The Song of Songs.*

"THE LIE"

The Lie is the most effective play that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has written since *The Hypocrites.* It is not, however, a great drama; and this remark is made because Mr. Jones, in *Michael and His Lost Angel,* has shown that he is capable of greatness. The plot of *The Lie* depends, for its continuance, on a series of misunderstandings; and, at several moments, these misunderstandings might easily be cleared away if the people talking at the time were not interrupted by the casual intrusion of another person. We are called upon to admire not an inevitable action, but an action which is brought about by theatrical manipulation. If Scribe could be resurrected from his grave to see this play, we may be certain that he would applaud it heartily. It is constructed with exemplary craftsmanship, and Mr. Jones has apparently extracted the maximum of effect from the material at hand. The characters, too, are true to life,—that of the wicked sister being especially well studied; and it is unnecessary to add that the dialogue is admirably written. The only trouble with the play is that it never quite gives us the comfortable sense that it absolutely had to happen.

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In an impoverished aristocratic family, there are two sisters, Elinore and Lucy. Lucy is selfish, Elinore is self-sacrificing; and of course the selfish sister is accustomed to get the better of the other. Lucy has secretly given birth to an illegitimate child; and Elinore has stood by her through her trouble, and has succeeded, for the time at least, in shielding her from scandal. Elinore is deeply in love with Gerald Forster. Gerald is about to ask her to marry him, when he learns by chance of the secret scandal in her family. His information comes in such a way that he gets the two sisters confused and suspects Elinore of being the guilty one. He is confirmed in this suspicion by Lucy herself, who, sensing what has happened, tells him the lie that gives the play its name. Gerald leaves Elinore without a word and goes to Egypt. Thither he is pursued by Lucy, who gets around him in his loneliness and persuades him to marry her. Not till Gerald and Lucy have been married and have returned to England, does Elinore discover the reason why Gerald ran away from her. Then she bursts out in a storm of imprecation against her wicked sister. This dramatic outburst occurs at the third curtain-fall. In the last act there is a *scène à faire* between the two sisters, in which Elinore, by a combination of moral and physical force, batters Lucy into a state of penitence.

There remains, however, another "obligatory scene,"—the scene in which Gerald shall discover how he has been duped by Lucy; and this scene should be triangular,—both sisters being present, and the innocent forcing the guilty to confess her crime to the man they both have loved. This scene has been foreshadowed; and the audience is disappointed because it is not shown. In Mr. Jones's last act, Lucy is forced to promise to tell the truth to her husband without delay; but this promise of a big scene off-stage after the final curtain-fall is not sufficient. We wish to be present at Lucy's confession; we wish to see what Gerald is going to do about it.

To show this *scène à faire* in the fourth act would require, of course, a reconstruction of the play. The big scene between the two sisters would have to be moved back to the third curtain-fall; the outburst of Elinore would have to come at the conclusion of the second act; and Lucy's lie would be pushed back to the end of the first act. This initial act would have to summarise the narrative that Mr. Jones has detailed in the first two acts of the play as it stands; but this compression could be effected without difficulty. According to the present structure, Lucy's illegitimate child is born in the interim between the first and second acts; but there is no technical reason why this event could not be assumed to have occurred before the beginning of the play.

In other words, if Mr. Jones had both begun and ended the structure of *The Lie* at points a little later in his general procession of events, he would have lost nothing, and would have gained another big scene that the audience strongly desires to be present at. But the play, as it stands, is thrillingly theatrical; and the critic may, of course, be wrong in thinking that it might have been improved.

"MATERNITY"

It is now ten years since Mme. Réjane presented, at the Victoria Theatre in New York, the greatest play of the greatest man now writing plays in France,—*La Robe Rouge* of Eugène Brieux. In all that time no American manager has had the enterprise to have the play translated into English and to set it before the American public with an adequate cast of actors. So presented in our own language, the piece would run a year; for not only is it enthrallingly dramatic, but also its attack on the iniquity of the French judicial system is immediately pertinent to the iniquity of our own politics. Not to produce this play in English is an indication of stupidity on the part of all the men who seek to make money out of the theatre in America.

This statement is made by the present writer not so much out of charity for our

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theatrical managers as out of charity for the reputation of Brieux. It is surely a misfortune that this great dramatist should be judged in America solely by two of his least dramatic plays,—*Les Avariès* and *Maternité*. *Damaged Goods* made money, because people wanted to listen to a lecture on syphilis; *Maternity* will not make money, because people do not want to listen to a lecture on motherhood: but neither of them is a good play, and neither of them is a representative example of the ability of Brieux. To judge this great dramatist by *Maternity* is like judging Pinero by *The Wife Without a Smile* or judging Barrie by *Walker, London*. Even the reputation of Shakespeare could scarcely be expected to withstand the exploitation of *All's Well That Ends Well* before a public that was refused any opportunity to see *Hamlet* and *Othello* and *Macbeth*. If Brieux is to be produced at all in America, it is only fair for those who care about his work to ask that his poorest plays should no longer be produced to the exclusion of his best.

The fact that *Maternity* was an artistic failure was evidenced by the fact that the author went to the trouble of writing the whole thing twice; but, despite this enterprise, there is little to choose between the two versions. It is the second version, translated by Mr. Benjamin F. Blanchard, that Mr. Richard Bennett has presented in New York; and a word must be said in praise of the directness and simplicity of Mr. Blanchard's rendering. It was the purpose of the author in this play to consider the general theme of motherhood from the greatest possible number of contrasted points of view. The first act is fairly interesting in the theatre; the second act is nobly and movingly dramatic; but the play really ends at the second curtain-fall. As in *Damaged Goods,* the third and last act is merely a sort of epilogue, in which the general topic of the preceding play is talked over from the point of view of several characters who have played no part in the antecedent action. The defects of *Maternity* as a work of art are easily forgiven by those who are familiar with its author's greater plays; but it seems a pity that the American public should be given the impression that Brieux is accustomed to sacrifice his drama for the sake of writing lectures on his theme.

"THE SILENT VOICE"

The Silent Voice, by Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, is faultily proportioned. A rich musician, who is stricken deaf, is required by his infirmity to study lip-reading. One day, looking from a window of his mansion on Fifth Avenue, he discovers that, with the aid of a pair of opera-glasses, he can read the lips of people talking in the park across the way. Until this moment, he has railed against the iniquity of fate that has robbed him of his only interest in life—his interest in his art, and has looked upon himself as a modern Prometheus, defiant to a God more mighty but less just than himself. Now, however, he adopts the practice of lingering upon his housetop and observing people in the park through a pair of field-glasses; and the pathetic necessities with which he becomes acquainted, he hastens to alleviate, with the assistance of his faithful valet. If what the people need is money, the valet gives it to them, and disappears before any questions can be asked; and if the people require some assistance of another sort, the valet contrives to give it to them without entangling himself in their personal predicament. Thus the hero finds himself, against his expectation, looking down upon the life that falls beneath his observation from the point of view of God, and playing the part of Providence toward the troubled people who have drifted within the ken of his limited omniscience. This experience reconciles him with the Deity. that, formerly, he had antagonised; and, by learning the difficulty of being Zeus, he ceases to be Prometheus.

The surprisingly original idea that has been briefly summarised was borrowed by Mr. Goodman from a magazine story by Mr. Gouverneur Morris. The main

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trouble with Mr. Goodman's play is that this new idea is not enunciated until the second curtain-fall of a four-act composition. Half the evening is over before the audience is permitted to discover that the author has anything to say that has not been said before. Precious time has been exhausted by the detailed development of a conventional triangular situation between the hero and his wife and a younger and more entertaining man; but this material is old, and should have been summarised in the initial act, so that the clever and original idea that was destined to redeem the drama from the commonplace could have been announced at the end of the first act instead of at the end of the second.

"THE SHOW SHOP"

Two great gifts have been assigned to Mr. James Forbes by the fairy godmothers who are reputed to look after such assignments,—the gift for human characterisation and the gift for humourous dialogue. Both are displayed, at their best and brightest, in the first two acts of *The Show Shop*. The first act is set in the office of a theatrical manager, and the second act is set in the parlour of a hotel in a one-night stand named Punxatawney. These two acts deal humourously with the lives of bad actors playing bad plays in bad towns under a bad management; and Mr. Forbes—not even in *The Chorus Lady*—has never written anything more rich in sentiment and humour, more entertaining and more human, than the dialogue of these initial acts. His third act is devoted to the representation of a rehearsal of a bad performance of a bad play. Rehearsal-scenes have long been familiar on the stage; they have always been enjoyed in vaudeville; but this repetition of a traditional type of entertainment is too exaggerated, too satirical, and much too long. In the fourth act of *The Show Shop*—as in the last act of *The Chorus Lady*—Mr. Forbes endeavours to scramble back to actuality; but he only succeeds in returning within hailing distance of the truth before the final curtain falls.

The Show Shop is an unusually entertaining comedy, and deserves to be supported by the public. The high level of comic composition that is maintained throughout the first two acts is rarely met in the contemporary theatre. But the play as a whole would be more worthy of remembrance if the last half were as sedulously truthful as first.

"POOR LITTLE THING"

The late Jules Lemaitre was a first-rate critic, but only a second-rate dramatist; and this opinion is not controverted by any of his plays,—except, of course, *Le Pardon*. *La Massière* has lately been presented in New York. It was translated by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and re-entitled *Poor Little Thing*.

The technical error of *La Massière* is that the play is attenuated through four acts instead of being compacted into three. An elderly painter falls in love with the most promising girl among his pupils. Despite the jealousy of his wife, he insists, with absolute sincerity, that his interest in the girl is merely fatherly,—until he discovers that his own son has fallen in love with her. Then ensues a struggle between the father and the son, in which age is ultimately forced to yield to youth; and, in the end, the girl is married to the young man, with the full and sincere approval of his parents.

All this—as has been hinted—could be told more effectively in three acts than in four. The only way to cover up the disproportion of the play is to act it in a very rapid tempo. But, at the Bandbox Theatre, the piece was played most slowly and deliberately; and this halting and retarded tempo robbed *La Massière* of its slight chance of winning popularity with a foreign audience.

"SINNERS"

Sinners, by Mr. Owen Davis, may be defined, in conventional terms, as a good, old-fashioned melodrama. The heroine goes from a small town to New York to earn her living and is on the point of being led astray, when a sudden message

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recalls her to the bedside of her mother. She is pursued to her rural isle of safety by an automobile-party composed of the pleasure-lovers who had nearly succeeded in seducing her. These pleasure-lovers, when they meet her in her own home, overshadowed by the wings of her guardian-angel of a mother, perceive the error of their ways and go to the good; and the heroine ultimately marries a reformed young man who has shown himself to be worthy of her virtue.

This conventionally wholesome play should not be judged in terms of the cynical comment that is current on Broadway. It appears to have been intended mainly for the public of smaller cities than New York. The thesis that it is harder to be good in a great city than in a rural town is, of course, in strict logic, indefensible; but Mr. Davis bolsters up the old tradition of the theatre with a story that is evidently sincere and is at all points interesting. The plot is adequate, the characters are true, the dialogue is clever; and to ask more than this is to demand more than is usually offered in the theatres of New York.

CLUBWOMEN'S READING

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

II—A Diagnosis

I

Reading, like conversation, is, or ought to be, a contact between two minds. The difference is that while one may talk only with his contemporaries and neighbours one may read the words of a writer far distant both in time and space. It is no wonder, perhaps, that the printed word has become a fetish, but fetishes of any kind are not in accordance with the spirit of the age, and their veneration should be discouraged. Reading in which the contact of minds is of secondary importance, or even cuts no figure at all, is meaningless and valueless.

In a previous paper, reasons have been given for believing that reading of this kind is peculiarly prevalent among the members of women's clubs. The value of these organisations is so great, and the services that they have rendered to women, and through them to the general cause of social betterment, are so evident, that it seems well worth while to examine the matter a little more closely, and to complete a diagnosis based on the study of the symptoms that have already presented themselves. As most of the reading done in connection with clubs is in preparation for the writing and reading of papers, we may profitably, perhaps, direct our attention to this phase of the subject.

Most persons will agree, probably, that the average club paper is not notably worth while. It is written by a person not primarily and vitally interested in the subject, and it is read to an assemblage most of whom are similarly devoid of interest—the whole proceeding being more or less perfunctory. Could it be expected that reading done in connection with such a performance should be valuable?

This is worth pondering, because it is a fact that almost all the vital informative literature that is produced at first hand sees the light in connection with clubs and associations—bodies that publish journals, "transactions" or "proceedings" for the especial purpose of printing the productions of their members.

This literature, for the most part, does not come to the notice of the general reader. The ordinary books on the technical subjects of which it treats are not

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raw material, but a manufactured product—compilations from the original sources. And the pity of it is that very many of them, often the best of them from a purely literary point of view, are so unsatisfactory, viewed from the point of view of accomplishment. They do not do what they set out to do; they are full of misunderstandings, misinterpretations, interpolations and omissions. It is the old story; those who know won't tell and the task is assumed by those who are eminently able to tell, but don't know. The scientific expert despises the public, which is forced to get its information through glib but ignorant expounders. This is a digression, but it may serve to illuminate the situation, which is that the authoritative literature of special subjects sees the light almost wholly in the form of papers, read before clubs and associations. Evidently there is nothing in the mere fact that a paper is to be read before a club, to make it trivial or valueless. Yet how much that is of value to the world first saw the light in a paper read before a woman's club? How much original thought, how much discovery, how much invention, how much inspiration, is put into their writing and emanates from their reading?

There must be a fundamental difference of some kind between the constitution and the methods of these two kinds of clubs. A study of this difference will throw light on the kind of reading that must be done in connection with each and may explain, in great part, why the reading done for women's club-papers is what it is.

A scientific or technical society exists largely for the purpose of informing its members of the original work that is being done by each of them. When anyone has accomplished such work or has made such progress that he thinks an account of what he has done would be interesting, he sends a description of it to the proper committee, which decides whether it shall be read and discussed at a meeting, or published in the Proceedings, or both, or neither. The result depends on the size of the membership, on its activity, and on the value of its work. It may be that the programme committee has an embarrassment of riches from which to select, or that there is poverty instead. But in no case does it arrange a programme. The Physical Society, if that is its name and subject, does not decide that it will devote the meetings of the current season to a consideration of Radio-activity and assign to specified members the reading of papers on Radio-active springs, the character of Radium Emanation, and so on. If it did, it would doubtless get precisely the same results that we are complaining of in the case of the Woman's Club. A man whose specialty is thermodynamics might be told off to prepare a paper on Radio-active Elements in Rocks—a subject in which he is not interested. He could have nothing new nor original to say on the subject and his paper would be a mere compilation. It would not even be a good compilation, for his interest and his skill would lie wholly in another direction. The good results that the society does get are wholly dependent on the fact that each writer is full of new information that he desires, above all things, to communicate to his fellow-members.

In the preparation of such a paper, one needs, of course, to read, and often to read widely. Much of the reading will be done in connection with the work described, or even before it is begun. No one wishes to undertake an investigation that has already been made by someone else, and so the first thing that a competent investigator does is to survey his field and ascertain what others have accomplished in it. This task is by no means easy, for such information is often hidden in journals and transactions that are difficult to reach, and the published indexes of such material, though wonderfully advanced on the road toward perfection in the past twenty years, have yet far to travel before they reach it. Not only the writer's description of what he has done or ascertained, but the character of the work itself; the direction it takes—the inferences that he draws from

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it, will be controlled and coloured by what he reads of others' work. And even if he finds it easy to ascertain what has been done and to get at the published accounts and discussions of it, the mass may be so great that he has laid out for him a course of reading that may last many months.

But mark the spirit with which he attacks it! He is at work on something that seems to him supremely worth while. He is labouring to find out truth, to dissipate error, to help his fellow-men to know something or to do something. The impulse to read, and to read much and thoroughly, is so powerful that it may even need judicious repression. The difference between this kind of reading and that done in the preparation of a paper to fill a place in a set programme hardly needs emphasis.

The preparation of papers for professional and technical societies has been dwelt upon at such length, because I see no reason why the impulse to reading that it furnishes cannot also be placed at the disposal of the woman's club; and I shall have some suggestions toward this end in a future article.

Meanwhile, I shall doubtless be told that it is unfair to compare the woman's club, with its didactic aim, and the scientific association of trained and interested investigators. It is true that we have plenty of clubs—some of men alone, some of both sexes—whose object is to listen to interesting and instructive papers on a set subject, often forming part of a prearranged programme. These, however, need our attention here only so far as the papers are prepared by members of the club, and in this case they are in precisely the same class as the woman's club. In many cases, however, the paper is merely the excuse for a social gathering, perhaps at a dinner or a luncheon. Of course if the paper or lecture is by an expert invited to give it, the case falls altogether outside of the region that we are exploring.

I am condemning here all clubs, formed for an avowed educational or cultural purpose, that adopt set programmes and assign the subjects to their own members. I am deploring the kind of reading to which this leads, the kind of papers that are prepared in this way, and the kind of thought and action that are the inevitable outcome.

It would seem that the women's clubs now form an immense majority of all organisations of this kind and that there are reasons for warning women that they are specially prone to this kind of mistake.

The diversity of interests of the average man, the wideness of his contacts—the whole tradition of his sex—tends to minimise the injury that may be done to him, intellectually and spiritually, by anything of this kind. The very fact that he is the woman's inferior spiritually, and in many cases, in intellect, also—although probably not at the maximum—relieves him, in great part, of the odium attaching to the error that has been described. Women are becoming keenly alive to the deficiencies of their sex-tradition; they are trying to broaden their intellectual contacts—that is the great modern feminist movement. Some of those who are active in it are making two mistakes—they are ignoring the differences between the sexes and they are trying to substitute revolution for evolution. In this latter error they are in very good company—hardly one of the great and the good has not made it, at some time and in some way. Revolution is always the outcome of a mistake. The mistake may be antecedent and irrevocable, and the revolution therefore necessary, but this is rarely the case. The revolutionist runs a risk common to all who are in a hurry—he may break the object of his attention instead of moving it. When he wants to hand you a dish he hits it with a ball-bat. Taking a reasonable amount of time is better in the long run.

That there is no royal road to knowledge has long been recognised. The trouble with most of us is that we have interpreted this to mean that the acquisition of knowledge must always be a distasteful process. On the contrary, the vivid interest that is the surest guide to

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knowledge is also the surest smoother of the path. Given the interest that lures the student on, and he will spend years in surmounting rocks and breaking through thorny jungles, realising their difficulties perhaps, but rejoicing the more when those difficulties prove no obstacles.

The fact that the first step toward accomplishment is to create an interest has long been recognised, but attempts have been made too often to do it by devious ways, unrelated to the matter in hand. Students have been made to study history or algebra by offering prizes to the diligent and by threatening the slothful with punishment. More indirect rewards and punishments abound in all our incitements to effort and need not be mentioned here. They may often be effective, but the further removed they are from direct personal interest in the subject, the weaker and the less permanent is the result. You may offer a boy a dollar to learn certain facts in English history, but those facts will not be fixed so well or so lastingly in his mind as those connected with his last year's trip to California, which he remembers easily without offer of reward or threat of punishment.

The interest in the facts gathered by reading in connection with the average club paper is merely the result of a desire to remain in good standing by fulfilling the duties of membership; and these duties may be fulfilled with slight effort and no direct interest, as we have already seen.

If interest were present even at the inception of the programme, something would be gained; but in too many cases it is not. The programme committee must make some kind of a programme, but what it is to be they know little and care less.

Two women recently entered a branch library and asked the librarian, who was busy charging books at the desk, what two American dramatists she considered "foremost." This was followed by the request, "Please tell me the two best plays of each of them." A few minutes later the querists returned and asked the same question about English dramatists, and still later about German, Russian, Italian and Spanish writers of the drama. Each time they eagerly wrote down the information and then retired to the reading-room for a few minutes' consultation.

Finally they propounded a question that was beyond the librarian's knowledge, and then she asked why they wanted to know.

"We are making out the programme for our next year's study course in the Blank Club," was the answer.

"But you mustn't take my opinion as final," protested the scandalised librarian. "You ought to read up everything you can find about dramatists. I may have left out the most important ones."

"This will do nicely," said the clubwoman, as she folded her sheets of paper. And it did—whether nicely or not deponent saith not; but it certainly constituted the club programme.

On another occasion a clubwoman entered the library and said with an air of importance, "I want your material on Susanna H. Brown."

The librarian had never heard of Susanna, but experience had taught her modesty and also a certain degree of guile, so she merely said, "What do you want to know about her, particularly?"

"Our club wishes to discuss her contributions to American literature."

Now the Brown family has been active in letters, from Charles Brockden down to Alice, but no one seems to know of Susanna H. The librarian contrived to put off the matter until she could make some investigations of her own, but, all the resources of the central reference room proving unequal to the task, she timidly asked the clubwoman, at her next visit, to solve the problem.

"Oh, we don't know who Susanna H. Brown was; that is why we came to you for information!"

"But where did you find the name?"

"Well, I don't know exactly; but one of our members, in a conversation with some one who knows a lot about literature—I forget just who it was—was told that Susanna H. Brown had rendered

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noteworthy services to American literature. We've got to find out, for her name is already printed on the programme!"

I don't know what was said of Miss, or Mrs. Brown at the meeting; but my opinion is that this particular item on the programme had to be omitted.

Another lady entered a library abruptly and said, "I want your books on China."

"Do you mean the country of that name? or are you looking up porcelain?"

First perplexity and then dismay spread over the lady's face. "Why, I don't know," she faltered. "The programme just said China!"

A university professor was once asked by one of these programme committees for a list of references on German folk-lore—a subject to which it had decided that its club should devote the current season. The list, as furnished, proved rather stiff, and the astonished professor received forthwith the following epistle (quoted from memory):

"Dear Professor—

Thank you so much for the folk-lore; but we have changed our minds and have decided to study the Chicago Drainage Canal instead."

This hap-hazard method of programme-making is not confined to club papers, as the following anecdote will show:

An officer of a woman's club entered a library and said that she thought it would be nice to vary the usual literary programme by the introduction of story-telling, and she asked for aid from the library staff. It was a busy season and as the librarian hesitated the clubwoman added hastily that the whole programme need not occupy more than half an hour. "We want the very simplest things, told in a few words, so that it will really be no trouble at all."

Pressed to be more specific, she went on: "Well—no story must take more than three minutes, and we want Little Nell, Louis IX, Moses in the Bulrushes, the Princes in the Tower, Cinderella, Jack and the Bean Stalk, the Holy Night and Louis XI.

"You see that allowing three minutes apiece would bring them all within twenty-four minutes—less than half an hour, just as I said.

"And—oh, yes! we want the story-teller to sit on a platform, and just in front of her we will pose a group of little girls, all in white frocks. Won't that be nice?"

The making of programmes has in many cases been influenced by the fact that some subjects are considered more "high-toned" than others. The drama is at present a particularly high-toned subject. The fine arts are always placed in the first class. Apparently anything closely related to the personal lives, habits and interests of those concerned is under a ban. The fine arts, for instance, are not recognised as including the patterns of wall-paper or curtains, or the decoration of plates or cups. Copying from one programme to another is a common expedient. The making of these programmes betrays, all through its processes and their inevitable result, lack of originality, blind adherence to models, unquestioning imitation of something that has gone before. I do not believe these to be sex-characteristics, and there are signs that the sex is growing out of them. If they are not sex characteristics they must be the results of education, for ordinary heredity would quickly equalise the sexes in this respect. I have already stated my belief that the physical differences between the sexes are necessarily accompanied by mental differences, and I think it probable that the characteristics noted above, although not proper to sex, spring from the fact that we are expecting like results from the same educational treatment of unlike minds. When we have learned how to vary our treatment of these minds so as to produce like results—in those cases where we want the results to be alike, as in the present instance—we shall have solved the problem of education, so far as it affects sex-differences.

It has long been recognised that when-

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ever woman does show a deviation from standards she is apt to deviate far and erratically. So far, however, she has shown no marked tendency so to deviate in the arts and a very slight one in the sciences. There have been lately some marked instances of her upward deviation in the field of science. In literature, no age has been wanting in great woman writers, though there have been few of them. I look eventually to see woman physicists as eminent as Helmholtz and Kelvin, woman painters as great as Raphael and Velasquez, woman musicians as able as Bach and Beethoven. That we have had none yet I believe to be solely the fault of inadequate education. Of this inadequacy our imitative arbitrary and uninspiring club programmes are a part—the very fact that our clubwomen pin their faith to programmes of any kind is a consequence of it. The substitution of something else for these programmes, with the accompanying change in the interests and reading of clubwomen, will be one step toward the rationalisation of education —for all processes of this kind are essentially educative.

We need not despair of finding ultimately the exact differences in method which, applied in the education of the sexes, will minimise such of the present mental differences as we desire to obliterate. Problems of this sort are solved usually by the discovery of some automatic process. In this case the key to such a process is the fact that the mental differences between the sexes manifest themselves in differences of interest.

Every parent of boys and girls knows that these differences begin early to show themselves. We have been too prone to disregard them and to substitute a set of imagined differences that do not really exist. We go about the moral training of the boy and the girl in precisely the same way, although their moral points of view and susceptibilities differ in degree and kind; and then we marvel that we do not get precisely similar moral products. But we assume that there is some natural objection to the climbing of trees by girls, while it is all right for boys—an imaginary distinction that has caused tears and heart-burnings. We are outgrowing this particular imaginary distinction, and some others like it. Possibly we may also outgrow our systems of co-education, so far as this means the subjection of the male and the female mind to exactly the same processes of training. The training of the sexes in the same institution, with its consequent mental contact between them, has nothing to do with this, necessarily, and has advantages that cannot be overlooked.

Whatever we do in school, our subsequent education, which goes on at least as long as we inhabit this world, must be in and through social contact, men and women together. But if each sex is not true to itself and does not live its own life, the results cannot be satisfactory. Reactions that are sought in an effort made by women to conform their instincts, aspirations and mental processes to those of men will be feeble or perverted, just as they would be if men should seek a similar distortion. The remedy is to let the woman's mind swing into the channel of least resistance, just as the man's always has done. Then the clubs, and the clubwomen, their exercises, their papers and their preparatory reading will all be released from the constraint that is now pinching them and pinning them down and will bud and blossom and grow up to normal and valuable fruition.

We have started with the fact that the reading done by the members of women's clubs, especially in connection with club papers, is often trivial, superficial, devoid of intelligence and lacking in judgment. Treating this as a symptom, we have, I think, traced the cause to a total lack of interest due to arbitrary, perfunctory and unintelligent programme-making. The disease may be diagnosed, I think, as acute programitis and the physician is in a position to consider what therapeutic measures may be indicated. We shall endeavour to prescribe some simple remedies in the next paper.

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WAR AND LITERATURE

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

WHERE history ends prophecy begins—prophecy, the annals of the unknown. What effects the European war will have upon the several literatures of the nations engaged, and what will be its more distant effects upon the literature of this country, has already become a subject of considerable thinking in advance. For while history is not yet ready to speak, prophecy is not content to remain silent; and certainly she, breaking her silence, has disclosed immense possibilities on ahead for everything. It is no overstatement of the truth to declare that our entire conscious civilisation awaits with impatience and profound concern the settlement of the European conflict; as part of that civilisation, our arts; as one of those arts, our literature.

Among representative Americans who have had noteworthy convictions to express must now be included Mr. Howells, who in a recent interview definitely defined a certain cast of opinion not only with regard to the present war in its effects upon literature but with regard to the effects of all wars upon all literatures and the other arts of civilisation. Quietly, positively, he laid before the audience of his literary countrymen a view of human life, of war and peace, of old ideals in the world and new ideals in the world, of democracy and the arts. Having so defined his view, he applied it especially to the history of literature in this country; and having so applied it, he left its applications in the field of public discussion as the property and for the enlightenment of his hearers.

The place Mr. Howells holds in virtue of his writings and the further fact, that he has been a lifelong student of several literatures besides his own, serve to clothe with authority whatsoever conclusions he may form in a field of creative activity where he is accepted as a master. His latest words would at any time have lacked nothing to send them broadcast and send them far. Given out at this time, at such a crisis, they have doubtless drawn to themselves instantaneous and responsive attention from a multitude of readers. And they finally become in the highest degree significant, because he speaks by implication not for himself merely but for "the modern writer" as opposed to the writer who is not "modern," for the writer who is creating or is to create typically the literature that is to be, as opposed to the writer who created typically the literature that has been.

The following paper is part of the respectful attention paid to Mr. Howells's conclusions: both as his own and as the representative "modern" writer's. The purport of the paper is in brief substance to restate those conclusions as to the universal relation which war has borne to the literatures and other arts of mankind; and having so restated them, to follow them up with a few questions and reflections which they have at once called forth. Here, then, in small compass are Mr. Howells's opinions as reported in the press interview:

> I have never believed that great events produced great literature. They seldom call forth the creative powers of man. In poetry the poems that endure have come into being not as a result of momentous happenings. This war does not furnish the poet, the dramatist, the novelist, with the material of literature. For instance, the Germans . . . have shown extraordinary valour. But we do not think of celebrating that valour in poetry; it does not thrill the modern writers as such valour thrilled the writers of bygone centuries. When we think of the valour of the Germans, our emotion is not admiration, but pity. And the reason for this is

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that fighting is no longer our ideal. Fighting was not a great ideal and, therefore, it is no longer our ideal. All that old material of literature . . . has gone out of literature. It is an anachronism. What great literature did the American Civil War produce? As I look back over my life and recall to mind the great number of books that the Civil War inspired, I find that I am thinking of things that the American people have forgotten. The poems and stories have not become literature. But the Civil War not only did not have, it could not have had, literary expression. Of all the writings which the Civil War inspired I can think of but one that has endured to be called literature. That is Lowell's Commemoration Ode. War is an upheaval of civilisation, a return to barbarism; it means death to all the arts.

Such are the conclusions of Mr. Howells on this very great subject; and herewith follow a few of the questions and reflections they have inspired:

What is the greatest poem in the literature of the human race, if it be not *The Iliad?* Did war kill *The Iliad* or create *The Iliad?* Has *The Iliad* endured? Was it the result of any momentous happening? If war means death to the arts, did war kill Greek sculpture? Did it kill Phidias and the frieze of the Parthenon? Did Greek wars force the Greek race backward into barbarism or onward into civilisation? Were those wars the relapses or the advances of its spirit, of its genius? Did the victories won by the fighting ideal of the Greeks accomplish anything for civilisation as we possess it to-day? Is there any assurance that the United States would even be in existence but for the old Greek fighting ideal, which withstood barbarism until it could preserve and hand down its own civilisation? If from the remnants of that civilisation which have come down, the world should drop all the art that war created, would very much remain? Would it not almost disappear? Did Greece cease to be civilised as long as she kept her fighting ideal, or when she lost it or had it overwhelmed? Even modern Greece, the Greek race, the Greek nation, of the present hour—is there any other ideal so making it united and making it great as the old far-shining ideal of the Greece that was? Is not the whole Greek race of to-day rebathing itself in the Ægean Sea of a tradition—the valourous tradition of inextinguishable Hellas with its arts?

Did war play any part in the growth of the Roman Empire, Latin civilisation? Did Roman wars turn the Romans backward and away from progress? Did they destroy Virgil and make it impossible for him, their barbarian, to write *The Æneid?* Is *The Æneid* great poetry? Has it endured? Is it related to any momentous happening? Roman architecture, temples, columns, arches, bridges, aqueducts, roads, sculptures—were they the masterworks of peace for peace' sake? Did Cæsar by his conquests move the mind of western Europe forward or backward? The vast art-gift and law-gift of Roman civilisation to the modern world—is it anything but the vast treasury of Roman wars? Was it the fighting ideal of the Roman that at last overthrew him and his genius, his arts, or was it the decline of efficient valour in the later generations of his race? And the new Italy, the Italian race and nation of to-day—is any ideal so drawing it together and so forcing it to the front among modern nations as the old Roman fighting ideal and tradition of the arts for which it won opportunity and expression?

The oldest literature of the Scandinavian north is war literature, not peace literature. The earliest literatures of which we have any knowledge oftenest begin with war. The most primitive scratchings on the walls of caves, the earliest stampings on clay for bricks, the merest origins of human art—they are most commonly delineations of war and warrior.

England!—Have her wars undone her or made her? Have they forced her backward or brought her down into modern times? Is the British Empire the

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tranquil expression of a long peace or has it been widened and welded by a perpetual ideal of conquest and defence? And though the hundreds of years that it has been fighting and growing, have its victories stifled its arts? Is there actually in England no prodigal national art commemorative of battlefields, generals, admirals, common soldiers and sailors? Was it the devastation of war, its solitudes, the anachronism of it, that prevented England from giving birth to a greater Shakespeare than she did? In the dramas of Shakespeare are there none of war? Is it possible to go through the nobler plays and take out all he wrote about war and still not take out anything? Were not English victories the very breath of life in the nostrils of the great Elizabethans? What is the greatest epic poem in the English tongue? Is it not *Paradise Lost?* Though it were but a war in heaven, did not John Milton draw his inspiration from war?

In the art of mediæval western Europe for several centuries is there nothing to show that there were Crusades? Did not the Crusades originate a whole world of art of their own? The single theme of Arthur and his knights—in how many literatures, in how many other arts, are they to be found memorialised? The single handiwork of the armourer, for example, was it one of the crafts of peace? Did war destroy the art of the armourer?

Are the Scottish people of to-day so modern that they look back not with admiration but with the emotion of pity on William Wallace and Robert Bruce and on all their stories of border warfare, and on foolish old minstrels with their lays and harps? Is war the reason why Robert Burns wrote no war poems, so now there is not even one on Wallace and the Scots who bled with him? And Scotch music, was it war that silenced the bagpipe, so that it has had no martial sounds with which to stir fighting clans?

The figure of the Maid of Orleans—can you disentangle the figure of Joan of Arc from the arts of her century or even yet from those of ours? Throughout the nineteenth century did not one war-figure, Napoleon Bonaparte's, more dominate the arts of western Europe than any other? Did it not blaze resplendent above them like one fostering sun? In 1870 France had a war which for the nation itself or for its government was a surprise, a humiliation. But the common French soldier, fighting at a disadvantage, unprepared, unequipped, unofficered, outnumbered—the common French soldier in the humiliating war of 1870 still made the very ground under his feet a Waterloo and in himself kept alive the old fighting tradition of France. And since 1870 the two greatest battle painters perhaps of all time, Detaille and De Neuville, have given to the whole world in the person of the French soldier new lessons in human heroism. And is not the France of to-day in her life-and-death struggle, is she not saying all along her drawn-out battle line, that if her armies through their fighting ideal save her from destruction, she will have a glorious rebirth of that civilisation which for centuries was a glory of the world?

What modern Greece is saying, what modern Italy is saying, what modern France is saying, is not every other European nation saying: that its fighting ideal alone is going to save it in this mighty struggle? How then is it possible for the "modern writer" to be saying on his part that fighting was not a great ideal, that all the material of war has vanished from literature, and that valour no longer thrills? This is true; that if the fighting ideal of any nation has dropped out of its literature, then either that nation has fallen backward in civilisation or its literature has dropped out of its life. Instead of the fighting ideal having become obsolete, throughout the nineteenth century it steadily mounted higher and higher. You can actually trace how and where it mounted, starting say with Waterloo. It mounted in the Crimea; it mounted all over Europe when what was supposed to be a soft effeminate little brown people, amusing themselves with screens and cherry blossoms and tea-cups and fans, stood out as the fight-

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ing Japanese in the war with China. It mounted again in their war with Russia; it mounted in South Africa; it mounted in the Balkans. It is at its highest pitch at this very crisis of human history. Is not that the very meaning of the widespread cry for peace, this menace of the fighting ideal of every rival and imperilled nation? If fighting were dropping out of civilisation, peace would take care of itself. If nothing less than a compact among nations to enforce peace will ever secure it, what can that mean but that the development of the fighting ideal of nations will go beyond what it is to-day?

Now throughout the nineteenth century while the fighting ideal steadily mounted, it produced more fighting art than any other century has ever produced. The nineteenth century war literature in fiction and poetry was greatest in bulk; at no other time was painting so busy with war; at none other was sculpture—unless it were in ancient Greece and Rome; there was more martial music composed in the nineteenth century than in any other.

Does not history in a word declare that the war motive in modern art has taken the lead of every other single motive? The three greatest motives in all human art have been religion, love, and war. Religion as a theme has slowly been dropping out of modern art. Love has become more and more associated with the theme of war. The theme of war has lost nothing, it has gained.

Now why? Why is it that war has become the single greatest motive? Not on account of the glory of it, the show, the noise, the colour, the trappings, the whole spectacle. Not that. It may be declared for the art of the world that a very small part of it has ever celebrated war as glorious. But what the art of the world unerringly seeks and has always sought is the greatness of human nature: that is its theme, its vital, universal, deathless theme. And human nature has always shown itself great, often greatest, in some ways greatest, in war. And that is why war stories, war poems, war paintings, war figures in bronze and marble, that is why they hold such a place in human affection: because they reveal human ideals—valour at its best, fortitude at its best, resistance at its best, sorrow at its deepest, mercy at its finest, remembrance at its truest—all bitter flowers, dark flowers, but human *immortelles.* So that before the eyes of all the armies and navies now struggling in Europe, before those of Asia, before the armies of our own country, there is one sentence that drains the soul of man toward itself as toward a religion: it is a brief old Roman line:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

And now let us cross to our brief American civilisation, where we are at home and are glad to be at home—to a civilisation which began in the full light of modern times so that its origins and earliest movements may be studied from the beginning. Does that civilisation rest upon anything as its first foundation and as its second foundation but two events? Were not those events two wars, two civil wars of separation? Did not the first war of separation become the American war of Independence, the first affirmation of nationhood addressed to the world without? Did not the second war of separation become the war of American unity, the second affirmation of nationhood addressed to those within? And from the first war down to the second, a period of over half a century, was not the predominant idea in American civilisation the war of American Independence? As far as this nation began to have any national arts were they not inspired by that memory, tradition, glory? Did not American painting make it its theme, American sculpture, music, poetry, fiction? Can any other single idea be named that so dominated and vitalised the arts in our civilisation, whether or not the Revolution was made the explicit theme? And now are we so modern in our literature that as a people we look back upon the war of Independence as an anachronism? Is our emotion for the valour of our forefathers not one of ad-

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miration but of pity? Has Washington as a soldier become a barbarian to his countrymen?

And at the end of the first half century, when the foundations of our civilisation were laid once more in the Civil War of the Union for the Union—did that war push the American people backward into barbarism or onward into a better civilisation? And from that day, fifty years ago, down to this day has any other single idea so ruled its development, its progress, as the memory and the meaning and the results of that war? Have not all our arts, so far as we have any, been busy with it? Has it proved to be the death of those arts? Mr. Howells has lived much in Boston and he knows Beacon Hill: how many times has he stopped with a reverential mood before a certain masterwork at a streetside under some trees—the Shaw Memorial? Did the Civil War kill that? He has lived much in New York City and has often taken his afternoon walk toward Central Park, passing on the way the Sherman statue in the Plaza: did war kill that statue? Did war destroy the art of St. Gaudens by giving him no heroic figures as his models?

Peace and democracy and the arts in our young civilisation! Let us look for one moment at that subject. Let us begin with music. What music does the American democracy, as a nation, know but a few national airs: are they not all war songs, war poems? The poems may be bad poems and the music poor music; but has peace furnished any better—to the American democracy? What is the most widely known American poem of the time before the Civil War if it be not "The Bivouac of the Dead"—a war poem? Mr. Howells declares that Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is the only writing he can remember, as inspired by the Civil War, that has endured to be called literature. But can this judgment be fairly passed over without dissent? Is there not one other piece of writing, though neither a poem nor a story, that has passed into literature? What about the "Gettysburg Address"? Is that literature? Was it inspired by the war? Had it any relation to any momentous event? We have been a nation of orations: are they not all dead and gone, forgotten by the American people, except one war oration? And the only piece of democratic literature on a vast scale that we possess—is it the "Commemoration Ode" or *Leaves of Grass*? Did war kill *Leaves of Grass* or inspire it—grass from the graves of soldiers? Is one poem to be found there fast becoming the great democratic poem of the nation, "Captain, My Captain"?

What of the art of democratic sculpture as this nation knows it? Has it not taken the form all over the country of soldiers' and sailors' monuments, in parks, in public squares, in State houses? Are the commonwealths of New England patriotically covered with any sculpture except war scultpure? The commonwealths elsewhere—do they know any other? How many democratic peace figures are there in American sculpture?

The theme goes on and on. The farther it is followed, the more clearly the truth stands out that not yet at least for the democracy of this nation has war become an anachronism or a relapse into barbarism. Not yet has peace displaced the war-motive in our arts.

It seems inevitable that at the close of the European war there will issue from each nation such a literature of war as it has never had. Every art of every nation engaged will pay its first honours to its fallen and to its living soldiers.

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PERSONAL MEMORIES OF AMBROSE BIERCE

BY BAILEY MILLARD

Great poets fire the world with faggots big
That make a crackling racket,
But I'm content with but a whispering twig
To warm some single jacket.

THUS sang Ambrose Bierce in his old San Francisco days when, as the licensed lampooner of everybody that happened to displease him, he made his *Examiner* "Prattle" the most wickedly clever, the most audaciously personal and the most eagerly devoured column of causerie that probably ever was printed in this country. "Prattle," the sub-title of which was "A Transient Record of Individual Opinion," bristled with cynical sallies against the great and the small in public and private life, ridiculed nearly every pretension to morality, particularly of a churchly sort, and made ducks and drakes of all the popular idols. And this railing against people who upheld the established order of things he continued in one paper or another during the rest of his career on earth.

It seems strange to one who knew Bierce so well during his restless, red-corpuscled life to be writing of him in the past tense, and yet any other is hardly admissible, for after nine months of anxious waiting for any sort of word from him his friends and relations have given him up as lost. He was serving upon the staff of General Villa in the Mexican insurrection and has been missing since the terrible battle of Torreon, so the daily journals have recorded. He was ever a fighter—in the Civil War, where he was brevetted major for gallantry in action, as in civic life—so this "one fight more" was naturally sought by him, and he went into it with all the fierce joy of the old soldier who loves war for war's sake.

Cavalierly handsome of face, Bierce's singularly expressive, keen, grey eyes, his visage so full of vigour, freshness and refined power, his strong, erect, military figure, which revealed no sign of decrepitude, even at seventy-two—the age of his passing—marked him for a man of power—a power amply exhibited in his writings, especially in his critical essays and stories.

It was Bierce the satirist that we Californians first knew, not Bierce the poet or Bierce the story-teller, as he is more generally recognised, wherever he *is* recognised, though the limits to the recognition of him, once merely parochial, are widening with the years. He came to us from London, where he had gone from his Ohio home after the war. In his anecdotage, as he used to term his later period of table-talk, he used to tell of his adventures among the London literati, by whom, because of his caustic satires, he was known as "Bitter Bierce." He frequented a certain tap-room in Ludgate Station, where regularly gathered such rare spirits as George Augustus Sala, young Tom Hood and Captain Mayne Reid. When Joaquin Miller went to England in the early 'seventies he joined this convivial set, which was greatly addicted, as Bierce expressed it, "to shedding the blood of the grape." "We worked too hard," he confessed, "dined too well, frequented too many clubs and went to bed too late in the forenoon. In short, we diligently, conscientiously and with a perverse satisfaction burned the candle of life at both ends and in the middle." As the fact that he afterward enjoyed robust health would seem to indicate, this life did Bierce no permanent injury, but once it resulted in his financial downfall. There was a certain London publisher named John Camden Hotten, who for a long time had owed Bierce a considerable sum, and, being without tangible assets, the young satirist hounded

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Hotten day and night for his due. Finally the implacable creditor got the publisher at a disadvantage and Bierce was sent to negotiate with Hotten's manager, Mr. Chatto, who afterward, as a member of the publishing firm of Chatto and Windus, succeeded to his business. After two mortal hours of "Bitter Bierce" in his most acidulated mood, Chatto pulled out a cheque for the full amount, ready signed by Hotten in anticipation of defeat. The cheque bore date of the following Saturday.

"Before Saturday came," said Bierce in telling the story, "Hotten proceeded to die of a pork pie in order to beat me out of my money. Knowing nothing of this, I strolled out to his house in Highgate, hoping to get an advance, as I was in great need of cash. On being told of his demise I was inexpressibly shocked, for my cheque was worthless. There was a hope, however, that the bank had not heard. So I called a cab and drove furiously bank-ward. Unfortunately my gondolier steered me past Ludgate Station, in the bar whereof our Fleet Street gang of writers had a private table. I disembarked for a mug of bitter. Unfortunately, too, Sala, Hood and others of the gang were in their accustomed places. I sat at board and related the sad event. The deceased had not in life enjoyed our favour, and I blush to say we all fell to making questionable epitaphs to him. I recall one by Sala which ran thus:

Hotten,
Rotten,
Forgotten.

At the close of the rites, several hours later, I resumed my movements against the bank. Too late—the old story of the hare and the tortoise was told again! The heavy news had overtaken and passed me as I loitered by the wayside.

"I attended the funeral, at which I felt more than I cared to express."

In London Bierce wrote over the signature of "Dod Grile," and that name appeared on the cover of two books of his published in the 'seventies. One of these books was called *Cobwebs from an Empty Skull*. Years later Gladstone fished up one of the "Dod Grile" books from the table of a second-hand dealer, read it through, was delighted with it and helped to revive in England the identity of Ambrose Bierce. Gladstone, the maker of literary reputations, also assisted the author not a little by sounding the praises of his stories of the occult—tales that were, however, a trifle too strong for the tea-drinking bourgeoisie of modern Britain.

While Bierce was in London the Empress Eugenie, then in exile in England, employed him to write for her several numbers of the *Lantern,* a journal she began to publish there to forestall her bitter enemy, Henri de Rochefort, who, like herself, had been banished from France after the Prussian conquest of 1870. Rochefort, who had persistently attacked the Emperor and Empress in *La Lanterne,* of Paris, going to the length of denying the legitimacy of the Prince Imperial, was outwitted by Eugenie when he announced his intention of reviving his paper in London. Before he could do so she had copyrighted the title, the *Lantern,* and herself proceeded to publish a paper bearing that name, though at the time she was not known to be connected with it in any way. Not only did she thus win a great triumph over her enemy, but she employed Bierce to flagellate him. This he did in number after number. And as he afterward said, he never was employed in so pleasant and congenial a pursuit. But the *Lantern* did not last long and there were times when Bierce, for lack of employment, was destitute of funds. His "Little Johnny" essays on zoology which a London journal "featured" as rare bits of humour, were the means by which he refilled his purse. These essays contained amazing descriptions of actual as well as inconceivable animals and afforded an attractive vehicle for his satire.

He went from London to San Francisco for no particular reason save that he thought he would like the Far West. And he did like it—liked it so well that

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he lived there twenty-five years, save for a brief period during which he was mining near Deadwood, South Dakota, where he had some hair-raising adventures with road-agents and other bad men. One night in 1880 he was driving in a light wagon through the wildest part of the Black Hills. In the wagon was thirty thousand dollars in gold belonging to the mining company of which he was manager. Beside him on the wagon seat was Boone May, a famous gunman of those days, who was under indictment for murder, but had been paroled from jail on Bierce's promise that he would see him into custody again. May sat doubled up in rubber poncho, his rifle between his knees. Bierce thought him a trifle off guard, but said nothing. Suddenly they heard a shout, "Throw up your hands!" Bierce reached for his revolver, but it was quite needless. Quick as a cat, almost before the words were out of the highwayman's mouth, May had thrown himself backward over the seat, face upward, and with the muzzle of his rifle within a yard of the robber's throat, had fired a shot that put an end to his usefulness as a highwayman.

Bierce had many adventures with bad men in the West, and his assaults in print upon citizens who were inclined to underscore their resentment by a flourish of firearms, occasionally got him into trouble, but the fact that he was famous as a dead shot generally acted as a damper upon the ambition of those who harboured the fancy of effacing him. In San Francisco he made the *News Letter* and the *Wasp* conspicuous examples of personal journalism, some of his philippics against prominent men and women being of the most biting nature. It is safe to say that his vocabulary of acrimonious invective exceeded in volume that of any other modern journalist. You stood aghast at his bold characterisations and yet, being human, you read on with a grim smile. He was particularly happy in his poetic quips, though some of these were of the most contumelous nature. His idea of attack was to fell you at a single blow. One must apologise for quoting some of them, as in the case of the following quatrain aimed at a gentle popular poet of national reputation whom it pleased Bierce to hold in contempt:

> His poems —— says that he indites
> Upon an empty stomach. Heavenly Powers,
> Feed him throat-full, for what he writes
> Upon his empty stomach empties ours!

And mind you, the name was not a blank in the original stanza.

Once when a great English novelist visited San Francisco and ran afoul of Bierce who proceeded to show in "Prattle" that the man's reputation was based upon utterly false claims, the surprised and indignant Briton, heedless of the advice of his friends, replied in print. The delighted Bierce, affecting to disdain the retort, slapped the great man in the face with this:

> *Dispute with such a thing as you,*
> Twin show to the two-headed calf?
> Why, sir, if I repress my laugh,
> 'Tis more than half the world can do.

In his serious essays Bierce always took the most unconventional and often the most cynical views of life. He revered nobody's opinion but his own, and in this idea of his greatness he was upheld by a flattering literary coterie who acknowledged him as master. These constituted an esoteric cult whose adulation Bierce accepted as a matter of course. They laid their literary work before him, rejoiced in his praise, however stinted, and received his harshest criticism without murmur. He dominated many young literary lives, but if by his criticism he smothered whatever tenderness they sought to convey in their writings and thereby restricted and hardened them, he also helped them to clarity of expression and to more nearly perfect diction. For technically his pencraft was of the purest, as is shown on nearly every page. He prided himself upon being ruled wholly by intellect, never by emotion. But being, after all, human, he could not suc-

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cessfully live up to his vaunt, and occasionally we see him lapsing into tender passages in spite of himself. On the whole, however, his philosophy worked itself out according to his own hard rule. Of civilisation, for example, he was the sternest critic. He declared that it made the race no better and that the cant of it was boresome.

"We have," he said, "hardly the rudiments of a true civilisation. Compared with the splendours of which we catch dim glimpses in the fading past, ours are as an illumination tallow candles. We know no more than the ancients; we only know other things, but nothing in which is an assurance of perpetuity and little that is truly wisdom."

When a disciple of Bierce broke his leading-strings and dared to declare his independence the wrath of the master was terrible to see and the loyal ones would echo it and help to put down the apostate. And yet as the years passed nearly all of the cult deserted him or were deserted by him. The reason for this is plain. No dominant factor in literature ever gave himself such liberty of expression as Bierce. This expression extended even to the personal conduct of the members of his flock, and in some cases concerned itself with their most sacred family affairs. In time this came to rankle. Here and there an insurgent spirit manifested itself and there was a cleavage of the cult. But while his primacy lasted—and it lasted a long time—his ego made itself felt not only in the inner circle, but throughout a nebular outer ring which included many who were not under his personal influence. Whatever of import came up for discussion the question invariably would be asked, "What does Bierce think of it?"

When literary California rang with the bugle note of "The Man with the Hoe," the literati turned to Bierce as to one who should say whether the poem should be permitted to live or die. Probably for no other reason in the world than that the Markhamic strain was tremendously popular Bierce turned down his thumbs. He admitted that Markham previously had written good poetry, but now he had become an anarchist and no true work might be expected of him. He hammered hard and long with his journalistic gavel to drown the chorus of approval of "The Man with the Hoe," and his thunder strokes of condemnation convinced his disciples; but the poem went abroad into a field where his words could not follow. Once Markham was told to his face by this modern Dr. Johnson that his famous poem was merely a cheap bid for popularity and that as a poet he had killed himself by publishing it.

"The mistake you make is a common one," observed Bierce. "You let your heart get into your head. No great artist ever did that."

"Well," said the urbane Markham, "I do not profess to be a great artist; but to me it seems that the heart always should rule rather than the intellect, and what confirms me in the belief are the finer passages of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson and other true poets."

But Bierce would not be convinced, and ever after in print made sport of "The Man with the Hoe."

Intense and inexorable were his literary prejudices, extending even to the most venerated of authors. Once when the present writer mentioned to him the fact that French scholars considered Poe and Whitman our greatest voices, he said: "Poe, yes; but Whitman never. There isn't a line of poetry in *The Leaves of Grass*.

"Not in 'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking?'" he was asked.

"Sentimental twaddle of the worst order," he replied with Johnsonian curtness.

One thing that tended to embitter Bierce was his neglect at the hands of the publishers. Beginning in the early 'eighties he wrote story after story, but nearly all were considered by magazine editors to be impossible for their pages; and when he sent a lot of manuscript tales to book publishers they would have none of them. These men admitted the

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purity of his diction and the magic of his haunting power, but the stories were regarded as "revolting." Bierce revelled in the horrible. His tales of war make the reader see red for weeks. His stories of the occult freeze the spinal marrow and set the flesh a-shiver. With his fetching method of realism went a crystal-pure style in which words were chosen as a jeweller chooses diamonds for the necklace of an empress. His imagination was of the most riotous, nay, of the most brutal order. His psychological effects did not fall short of Maupassant's. His surprise of climax always was complete.

Bierce, as has been said, loved war, and often dilated upon "the horrors of peace," which, he held, were more terrible than the carnage of battle. Such army tales as "Chickamauga," "A Son of the Gods," "A Horseman in the Sky" and "An Affair of Outposts" afford a feast in which one may sup full of horrors. But let us not look altogether upon the gory and grisly side of his fiction. His tales of war celebrated such heroism as thrills the pulses and makes the reader forget that he is a mere reader; he feels himself an onlooker, if not a participant. Death, death, death! is the note sung over and over in a deep, compelling, almost pitiless cadence. Knowing war so well and the art of depicting it even better Bierce could give the colour and tone of it with the terrible effect of a Verestchagin. And yet, in spite of that cold aloofness which he contended to be the true attitude of the artist, occasionally he would give a glimpse of the compassion he really felt for war's victims. Take this finale of that amazing exploit described in "A Son of the Gods," where a single officer charges a whole battalion of the enemy:

> The skirmishers return, gathering up their dead.
>
> Ah, those many needless dead! That great soul whose body is lying over yonder, so conspicuous against the sere hillside—could it not have been spared the bitter consciousness of a vain devotion? Would one exception have marred too much the pitiless perfection of the divine, eternal plan?

Such tales as this, from *In the Midst of Life* and those stories of the occult in *Can Such Things Be?* were enough to establish any author's reputation, and it seems strange that Bierce, as a writer of fiction, did not sooner find his public. A San Francisco merchant, E. L. G. Steele, who was a great admirer of his work, finally defrayed the expenses of the publication of *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians,* afterward republished in England and America as *In the Midst of Life.* The book, though it awed and compelled the Biercean cult, enjoyed nothing that might be termed vogue. Reviewers shook their heads over such stories as "The Affair at Coulter's Notch," in which an officer of artillery feels it his duty to train his guns upon a house that shelters his own wife and children, and the *débâcle* of "Chickamauga" challenged resentment for its bloody detail. Even when *Can Such Things Be?* and *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter* made their appearance in book form the critics were slow to give their approval. But where a reviewer dared to let himself become a champion he generally was a fierce one. Never was an author more discussed in a private way than Bierce, and yet it is hardly fair to say, as has been averred, that his was simply an "underground" reputation. As the years went by the *cognoscenti* came to know him very well and to say good words of him. This counted by way of publicity, but he never had a popular audience. That he was "unknown" even up to his death, as many writers will tell you, is a statement not to be seriously accepted. In his latter years he took exception to this curious manner of reference to him, and wound up a breezy journalistic jingle about himself with the satirical line:

> Five thousand critics crying "He's unknown!"

To him his trunkful of clippings established the fact that he was not only not unknown, but very well known and

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recognised. In truth it was easy for him to assume the character of a celebrated literary personage. Once he accepted an invitation from a wealthy New Yorker, who received him very hospitably in his Fifth Avenue home. After dinner, when Bierce was told that he was expected to go with his host and a number of others to the theatre where a box had been engaged for them, he declared hotly:

"Do you think I'll let you show me about like a monkey in a cage? No, sir! I'm going home."

And home he went in high dudgeon, leaving his friend the most amazed man in New York that night.

Perhaps he enjoyed making a scene, as this story tends to show: At a large gathering in a Washington drawing-room the host presented Bierce to a street railway magnate, who extended his hand cordially.

"No!" thundered Johnson the Second, drawing back in magnificent rage. "I wouldn't take your black hand for all the money you could steal in the next ten years! I ride in one of your cars every night and always am compelled to stand —there's never a seat for me."

The black hand was speedily withdrawn.

For over thirty years Bierce enjoyed an income of five thousand dollars a year, besides which he received a pension of thirty dollars a month from the Government—"cigar money" as he termed it. He was a good liver. About twenty years ago he told the writer that in his old age he wanted to look like "one of those red-faced, full-blooded English squires." In this he had his wish. He was liberal with those who made demands upon him for charity. Several outworn hack writers in Washington where he lived during the fifteen years preceding his fateful campaign in Mexico, knew where to go to "borrow" five dollars or so when their pockets were empty. They knew, too, that Bierce would promptly forget the indebtedness. Although he was rather inclined to prodigality, Bierce was possessed of a goodly estate. Before going to Mexico he made his will and left nearly all of his property, which consisted of stocks, money and real estate, in the hands of a trustee. It is said that the bulk of his estate will go to his daughter, who lives in Ohio.

There are those who believe that General Villa and the Constitutionalists owe much of their military success to Bierce, who was well skilled in the art of war. He was much stirred by the cause of the Constitutionalists, and on leaving Washington for Mexico to join them in the fray, he said he could not understand why thousands of liberty-loving Americans did not take up arms against the tyrannical Huerta.

Yes, this strange and seemingly hard and cold philosopher loved liberty, and his greatest poem, "An Invocation," from which Kipling is said to have received inspiration for his "Recessional," was addressed to that benign goddess. But he fulminated against the American idea of freedom, which he called "blind idolatry." The most illustrative though by no means the best stanza of his "Invocation" is this:

> Let man salute the rising day
> Of Liberty, but not adore.
> 'Tis Opportunity—no more—
> A useful, not a sacred ray.

That despite all his scoffings at churchly folk and despite all that they regarded as his heterodoxy, he should still have made profession of a profound Christian faith seems paradoxical, and yet he made such profession. And this paper can have no fitter or more significant finale than the following exalted tribute to Jesus of Nazareth from his pen:

> This is my ultimate and determinate sense of right—"What under the circumstances would Christ have done?"—the Christ of the New Testament, not the Christ of the commentators, theologians, priests and parsons.

The orthodox will frown at this, but in any scale of logic it seems clear that no man holding such a view of Christ could have been the hopelessly agnostic and altogether Mephistophelean being which some of the critics of Ambrose Bierce have pictured him.

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THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

Part I—Eighteenth Century Magazines

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

In January, 1741, three days apart and in the small city of Philadelphia, were published the first two magazines of this country. These facts themselves make one suspect cut-throat work. It is perhaps significant that the stormy and colourful career of the magazine in America began with a royal row.

One was published by Andrew Bradford, the other by Benjamin Franklin. Their appearance had been preceded by the usual announcements in the newspapers and by a very unusual altercation. For Franklin claimed that the idea and the plans of the magazine had been stolen from him. Webbe, who had announced Bradford's, admitted that Franklin had told him of the project but said this did not restrain him from publishing one himself without Mr. Franklin's leave. During the quarrel both Franklin and Bradford accused each other of using their position of Post Master to foster their private ends. Only three numbers appeared of Bradford's magazine, the *American or a Monthly View;* and only six numbers of Franklin's, the *General Magazine or Historical Chronicle.* Franklin in his first number ridiculed his competitor's; but he seems not to have been proud of his own, as no mention of it occurs in his autobiography.

Between this and the end of the century there were at least forty-five magazines started. Besides those addressed to a more general audience, they included a musical magazine, a military, a German religious, and a children's magazine. Thus, the sparsely-settled new States were decidedly over-exploited. When in 1787, Mathew Carey requested advice about founding the *American Museum* Jeremy Belknap wrote him from Boston: "Several attempts have been made within my memory both here and at the Southward to establish such a repository of literature, but after a year or two they have uniformly failed. To what other causes the failure may be ascribed I will not say, but this appears to me to be one, viz: the too frequent publication of them. We are fond of imitating our European Brethren in their monthly productions without considering the difference between our Circumstances and theirs. Such a country as this is not yet arrived at such a pass of improvement to keep up one or two monthly vehicles of importance." However barren were some departments of literature in the early days, then, magazines indicated at the outset their eternal disposition to multiply faster than the traffic would stand.

Variety Combined with Seriousness of Purpose

From a very early date editors had been keenly conscious of the need for variety. The *New England Magazine,* 1758, price eight pence a number of sixty pages, gave in an advertisement this description of its contents:

Containing and to Contain:

Old-fashioned writings and Select Essays,
Queer Notions, Useful Hints, Extracts from Plays;
Relations Wonderful and Psalm and Song,
Good Sense, Wit, Humour, Morals, all *ding dong;*
Poems and Speeches, Politicks, and News,
What *Some* will like and other *Some* refuse;
Births, Deaths, and Dreams, and Apparitions, Too;
With some Thing suited to each different Geu (goût?)
To Humour *Him,* and *Her,* and *Me,* and *You.*

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The editor of the *Massachusetts Magazine* was constantly adding new departments, but insisted that all its contributions should be of a popular nature. "It has been hinted by some well-wishers that deeper researches into the arcana of science, more especially the abstruser parts of philosophy and the mathematics, would give the magazine a celebrity with the learned. In reply we beg leave to remark that the British *Universal Magazine* was materially injured by an adherence to this plan; and America presents a more recent instance of a magazine supported by a host of scholars which literally sunk beneath the impending weight of technical terms and the pressure of amplified definitions." If they had not hitherto consulted the desires of the fair sex sufficiently or gratified the delicacy of their taste, they trusted to compensate for their negligence in the future; and they hoped at the same time that the scientifick sons of Providence and the accomplished seniors of Yale would deposit their respective offerings at the shrine of Fame; and it could be seen that the proceedings of Congress and the Commonwealth had been detailed with all the amplitude which prescribed limits would allow. The *Nightingale* was establishing a department of Criticism which would give candid and impartial accounts of all American publications. "The food which the editors served up has been found to be disagreeable to some fastidious palates and inadequate to supply the cravings of some insatiable stomachs. Yet they do not conceive their dishes to be filled with the mere whipt-syllabub of learning and the flummery of the muses. The most hungry might have found a solid beefstake of science to feast upon, and they are sure the pepper of criticism and satire have been given in abundance sufficient to prevent a nausea. Good humour has always smiled at their table, and variety has garnished the viands." Indeed, when one considers the exceedingly heavy fare offered almost without exception by the books and pamphlets of the day, the magazines should have afforded a delightful treat. Political and religious controversies were sedulously avoided by most. All of them had their regular light essayists of the Bickerstaff lineage —the Gleaner, the Drone, the Babbler, the Trifler, the Scribbler, Philobiblicus. The poetry sometimes constituted a fourth or a sixth of the issue, and with a recklessness which would turn the modern editor pale was collected in a department at the end of each number. The chief function of poetry as a filler-up of chinks left between more solid prose had not yet evolved. Every magazine had its Pegasus, its Cabinet of Apollo, its Seat of the Muses, its Parnassiad; even the most prosaic had its Poetical Essays or its Poetical Provision. Nor was the poetry all of the lofty variety of "An Elegant Ode on the Mechanism of Man"; there were lines "To a Lady on Striking a Fly with Her Fan," or to "The Fly On Being Let into a Lady's Chamber"; and there was much narrative verse, serious or jocose. Even the *Boston Magazine,* 1784, six of the twelve original members of which became the parents of the Massachusetts Historical Society by virtue of their design to publish a Gazeteer of the State giving a sketch of every town in the commonwealth, announced that though it would rather be too grave than too sprightly and though it hoped it would never be trifling or superficial or ludicrous, it would apply itself to the publication of everything that is curious and entertaining.

All the editors, too, were alive to the desirableness of embellishing their magazines with "elegant copper-plates." A frequent announcement runs, "As soon as a number of Subscribers equal to the expence of this magazine are procured, every number shall then be ornamented with some pleasing representation." These were very expensive, and in days when there were very few advertisements (indeed, almost none at all in the monthlies, except on the cover pages), they were a decided consideration. Yet at a time when into the average household never entered a picture of any sort, they must

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have given great delight. The first volume of the *Boston Magazine* contained twenty-seven illustrations; its plan was two engravings and a piece of music to each number. The *Massachusetts Magazine* tried for a time the experiment of furnishing eight additional pages of letter press in lieu of copper plate engravings, "but the admirers of this polite art earnestly called for their re-assumption." Thus in addition to popularising literature, the early magazines were popularising art also.

The prospectus of the New York *Instructor,* 1755, might well have served for most.

> The design of this paper is to communicate to the Publick *Select Pieces* on the *Social Duties,* and such historical or Speculative *Remarks* as may be thought useful to be collected from the best English writers; which if read either in a Morning at *Tea,* or after *Dinner* by the Younger Sort, cannot fail of leaving a good effect upon the mind, as well as improving them in their Reading and Morals. If any *Getlemen* of *Taste* will please to recommend any particular *Pieces,* all due Regard shall be paid to them in their Turn. And these collected into One or more *Volumes* will be worth preserving, especially to those who cannot readily come at the Originals. Occasional *News* will sometimes be added likewise. N.B. No *Controversy* of any kind will have Admittance. To be continued Weekly (if suitable Encouragement). Price, Two Coppers. Whoever pleases to preserve these Papers entire and will return them to the *Printer* at the end of the year shall have a Copper a Piece for each.

Alas for the thrifty who saved their papers! It is thought that only ten numbers were published.

Almost as frustrated as their appeal for subscriptions was their demand for original pieces. The second volume of the *Massachusetts Magazine* laments "the want of more originality. Indulge us to observe that men of learning in this country are not always blest with leisure. Yet the *Massachusetts Magazine* can compare in point of originality with its American brethren and transatlantic cousins. There is no work of this kind in any quarter of the globe which is totally original. A correspondence has been established in Europe, and an agreeable interchange of literary good offices promises to be a happy result." The second volume of the *Boston Magazine* confesses that it began with high hopes of originality, the first volume indeed having a third of its pieces original. But the second volume has been compelled to publish many extracts, which will, however, increase learning, improve the morals, and mend the heart. The editor is particularly obliged to the sons of Harvard for their productions and he shall always be happy to have it in his power to announce to the public the effusions of their pens. The *American Moral and Sentimental,* New York, 1797, printed for the editor next door to the Tea-Water pump, was a type of a great many magazines which did not essay the struggle for originality. This publication, as perhaps might be gathered from its name, reeks with edification. *The Philadelphia Magazine and Review,* 1799, thought that the desire for originality had wrecked many ventures. "After the many fruitless attempts which have been made to establish a publication of this kind in Philadelphia, the proposals now submitted will appear to be nothing more than soliciting disappointment. But we are led to believe that they failed for some other cause than the want of discernment or liberality in those to whom the editor looked for support. For one publication of ours we receive at least five hundred from Great Britain . . . yet we shall always be glad to print any original verse or prose or agreeable talk." Mathew Carey designed the *American Museum* in 1787 to fill a new niche. "Having long observed in the various papers printed on this continent a vast number of excellent and invaluable productions, I have frequently regretted that the perishable nature of the vehicles which contained them entailed oblivion on them after a very confined period of

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usefulness and circulation. The respectable character who now fills the presidential chair of this commonwealth having expressed the same sentiment a few months since, I conceived that a publication designed to preserve the most valuable could not fail to be highly useful and consequently among an enlightened people to meet with encouragement." He contemplated also a re-publication of many of the best pamphlets prior to and during the war, with occasional selections from European prints. But even this lofty design had room for pieces of a more popular kind, though, with the exception of some of the verse, none were for entertainment merely. In the announcement for volume two he said: "So far was public opinion against it and so very confined were the expectations formed of a work which professed to be void of originality and to be in some measure only a handmaiden to the newspapers, that at the appearance of the first number there were not twenty subscribers."

The editors all felt that their mission was to educate the people. "M" is writing to a magazine and accounts for the defective literature of his native country by the scarcity of books.

There is hardly a library in the United States, public or private, which would enable a man to be thoroughly learned in any one language. The public library of Philadelphia is a respectable one for its age and will probably in time exhibit a very large collection. The same may be said of the library belonging to the University of Cambridge in Massachusetts. If I mistake not, however, they are both very defective, and the latter particularly so, in modern publications. Nor are the deficiencies of our public libraries by any means supplied by private collections, or by the enterprise and literary character of booksellers. There is hardly a greater desideratum in the United States than a bookseller who to a large capital in business would unite a taste for literature, a zeal to promote it, and a disposition to make the public as early as possible acquainted with every new publication of value that is made either in Europe or America. As it is, we seldom see a European publication here, unless it be of a peculiarly popular cast or unless it be sent for by a gentleman who has heard of its character. Thus you see, Mr. Editor, I view everything of this kind with cordial satisfaction and cannot help flattering myself that the establishment of your magazine will materially subserve the interest of letters and science in America.

The tenor of another letter is the same.

It is with pleasure we observe the numerous literary institutions in these States, happily calculated to disseminate a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences. But very few of our Youth can be educated in these seminaries, and though good policy may forbid that any considerable number of them should receive a collegiate education, it may, notwithstanding, be of essential service to the community that our young men in general who shall devote themselves to commerce and to mechanical and agricultural employment should possess considerable degrees of literature. A deficiency of learning hath often been very sensibly regretted by many worthy characters in these States when elevated to public and important offices; and frequently ignorance hath not only exposed them to ridicule but been injurious to the interests of the public. We mention particularly a circumstance that exposed a very popular patriot in London a few years past, to contempt and occasioned him to become a subject of ridicule in the public papers of the metropolis. In an oration he made at Guildhall, instead of speaking in the superlative degree, which he wished to have done, through ignorance he made use of the double comparative—*more better.*

This last appeared in the *Christian's, Scholar's and Farmer's Magazine,* published By a Number of Gentlemen in Elizabethtown, New Jersey. The title is a delightful illustration of that breadth of aim which most of our early magazines exhibited. It was the design of this performance to promote religion, to diffuse knowledge, and to aid the Hus-

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bandman in his very necessary and important toil. The full title of the *Massachusetts Magazine* was Monthly Museum of Knowledge and Rational Entertainment—Containing Poetry, Musick, Biography, History, Physics, Geography, Morality, Criticism, Philosophy, Mathematicks, Agriculture, Architecture, Chemistry, Novels, Tales, Romances, Translations, News, Marriages and Deaths, Meteorological Observations, etc., etc. But the desire to cover as wide a ground and to give as much as possible for the money is perhaps illustrated best by Mathew Carey's announcement that he had procured a set of smaller types (his type, like that of all the magazines, was already maddeningly minute), better calculated for the purpose of his magazine; as they would comprise one-third more matter than the former in the same number of pages!

"In America," ran the announcement of the Philadelphia *Monthly Magazine,* "periodical publications may properly be termed the literature of the people. The state of manufactures, agriculture, arts may as yet be deemed in their infancy, and in them new discoveries and improvements are daily making. We solicit the aid of our readers that these may become known. Medical Facts and Observations, Law Cases and Decisions together with the miscellaneous material which usually adorns a magazine we intend to publish. Magazine poetry has usually been considered as synonymous with the most trivial and imperfect attempts at verse-writing (in 1798!), but no piece will be admitted which cannot lay claim to true genius and poetic merit. Review of new publications will proceed generally by extracts."

It is possible that each new editor, even with before him examples of constant failure, hoped to make some money (if he did, he spent it at once on enlargement), and certainly he expected to pay expenses. But chiefly he thought of himself as a torch-bearer. To popularise literature in the States where few books of literature were read and almost none were published; to disseminate news of improved ways of doing things among people who would never hear of them otherwise—this was their high calling. Making all allowance for their stately and diplomatic periods, it animates every line of their announcements.

Nor did either editors or contributors apparently have any desire to exploit themselves. Anonymity was in general the rule of the day. The editors of the *Christian's, Scholar's and Farmer's* sincerely regret that want of leisure will oblige them to discontinue it. As not literary fame but the benefit of mankind was the great object of the editors in publishing this miscellany, they beg leave still to conceal their names from public view. "The imprinted seal of secrecy forbids the development of names," announced the *Massachusetts Magazine,* "but the late graduated sons of Harvard and Hanover will pardon the well-founded presumption that our readers are greatly indebted to many of them for the instructive essay or the amusing tale." Most of the articles were either unsigned or signed by fanciful names indicative of the style of the writer. There were almost no hired editors, they were often the printers and generally the proprietors. Thomas Paine was an exception. He was engaged by R. Aithen as editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* in 1775 at a salary of twenty-five pounds a year. The contract, says Isaiah Thomas, called for a certain quantity of original matter, but often he found it difficult to prevail on Paine to comply with his engagement. Aitken is responsible for the statement that Paine would never write for him without a decanter of brandy on the desk and the workmen waiting for the copy. The first prominent appearance of Freneau was in the *United States Magazines* with a metrical version of a psalm. It was of course unsigned, and a footnote says it was written "by a young gentleman to whom in the course of this work we are greatly indebted." The *Weekly Magazine,* begun in Philadelphia in 1898, introduces us to the first professional man of letters in America. It was "The Man at

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Home," by Charles Brockden Brown, unsigned, and it ran through thirteen numbers. In the second volume he began his first important novel, *Arthur Mervyn*. Mathew Carey in the *American Museum* had a list of notable contributors—Franklin, Dr. Rush, Freneau, Trumbull, Humphreys, Francis Hopkinson, and Governor Livingston. Most of these articles appeared for the first time; and thus it is seen that Carey's boast that he had provided a medium to the literary talent of the country was well founded. He, alone of all the editors, said that he rapidly accumulated material beyond his needs.

THE COLUMBIAN

In September, 1786, the *Columbian Magazine or Monthly Miscellany,* was inaugurated by Mathew Carey and four others. It was modelled upon the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *London Magazine,* and was decidedly the most ambitious periodical project yet undertaken in America. The expense of printing alone was said to be one hundred pounds a month. In December Carey withdrew, saying that he could not work with so many editors. The preface to volume one announced that the great purpose of the magazine was to communicate essays of entertainment without sacrificing decency to wit, and to disseminate the works of science without sacrificing intrinsic utility to a critical consideration of style and composition; and it indulged the pleasing and patriotic hope of advancing the best interests of society. Its obligations to society the *Columbian,* in common with most of our early magazines, took with extreme seriousness. "Osmyn of Bassora, an Eastern Tale," it answered a correspondent, "is prettily written, but to what end? Unless rendered subservient to the interests of virtue, compositions of this kind are unworthy of attention. However distinguished, they are but a splendid nothing." What tales it published were patently edifying, as may be guessed from their titles: "Chariessa, or a Pattern for the Sex;" "Angelica, or the Munificent Heiress;" "The Danger of Sporting with Innocent Credulity." The writer of Some Verses On Applying Pigeons to a Lady's Feet When Dying is informed that the circumstance is in their opinion very improper for a subject of gallantry. Nor are they by any means content with matter alone; form is to be regarded. Lavinia, Junior, is told though her poem is replete with good sentiments, as a poem it is not sufficiently correct and finished; however disposed they might be to favour a young female pen which seems to merit encouragement, the public eye will make no allowances. The Western Tour is too much like verse to be good prose and too prosaic to be anything like a poem. The address to the Public affixed to volume two reads as follows: "The completion of another year furnishes the customary opportunity of rendering our thanks to those who have contributed to support this work by their subscriptions or to embellish it by the exercise of their talents. If the public find no reason to be dissatisfied with the number or variety of the latter description, the proprietors will feel less disposition to lament the insufficiency of the former. They have uniformly declared that the emoluments which might well have been expected from their undertaking formed but a secondary object; and in truth, as the account stands, after something more than two years of labour and expence, unless they have succeeded in affording a rational entertainment to their readers, they must suffer the mortification of a defeat in every hope." Variety they had certainly afforded: literary essays grave and light; "The Foresters," an American tale in several instalments portraying the history of the country and of the Constitution; also in instalments the History of the Late War, and the biography of Governor Winthrop; many articles of information on improvements in agriculture and manufacture; regular departments of Historical Scraps, Foreign and Domestic Intelligence, Law Budget, Literary and Political Fables, Household Receipts, The Columbian

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Parnassiad, Marriage and Death Announcements from all the States, and Meteorological Observations. In May, 1789, the magazine gave an extended account of Washington's progress to New York and his receptions on the way. For entertainment there are the usual letters to an Old Bachelor and from Maiden Aunts to their nieces; a humourous description of the manners and fashions of London, in a letter from a Citizen of America to his correspondent in Philadelphia; and letters on the state of society in Philadelphia and the various pursuits of social pleasure. This last is by The Trifler, who conducts a regular department in a sprightly fashion.

This city, Mr. Trifler, differs very essentially from New York in the great outlines of society. In Philadelphia there are several classes of company—the *cream,* the *new-milk,* the *skim-milk,* and the *canaille* (as I have heard them whimsically divided); but in New York there are only the *genteel* and the *vulgar.* In the latter place every person whose manners and education are above the vulgar, is entitled to rank with the genteel; but in the former all the modifications of birth, fortune, and politics are to be consulted in order to ascertain the upper circle of acquaintance. The cream generally curdles into a small group in the most eligible situation in the room; the new milk seems floating between the wish to coalesce with the cream and to escape from the skim-milk; and the skim-milk in a fluent kind of independence laughs at the anxiety of the new-milk and grows sower upon the arrogance of the cream. Hence it is, sir, that our concerts and assemblies have lost their charms—for the superiority established on the one hand and the mortification felt upon the other, seem to have produced the resolution, that never again shall the ears of cream and new-milk listen to the same melody, or their feet caper in the same dance. Notwithstanding these variances, however, each class closely imitates its immediate superior; and from the conduct of one you may easily conceive the conduct of all.

Florio has fretted himself into a fever that almost cost him his life, because a modest taylor had made a yellow pair of breeches decently large for his limbs, and had not carried the cape of his coat as high as the crown of his hat. It is not within the scope of my present subject to animadvert upon a fashion which exposes some things that aught not to be seen and conceals others which need not be hidden; but I will mention *en passant* that it is reported one part of the fashion was introduced by an Irish gentleman and the other by an unfortunate adventurer who wished to keep from public view the odious depredations of the pillory. Of the female dresses it may be said that forever changing they are still the same. Miss Becky Catastrophe, a young lady of diminutive size, has quitted the ball room in the extremest mortification because her bishop was not as large as Mrs. McRump's, a matron whose natural swell might have disclaimed the assistance of art; and Mrs. Palace has scarcely excited so much envy by the elegance of her manners and the brilliancy of her equipage as by her voluminous *craw,* which, like the fortifications of Gibralter, serves to keep everybody at a distance, but then the difficulty of conveying provisions to the garrison is equally great in both instances.

The preface to volume three reads: "The utility of a comprehensive periodical miscellany as it tends to diffuse knowledge among all ranks, has been acknowledged in every government, but in America the importance of such a work is extremely obvious. The literati are therefore earnestly requested to favour this native production with their communications, and it is hoped the public in general will lend their names to the list of its supporters." The increase of the latter under the new plan, they announce gratefully, is considerable; and they have obtained a circulation also in different parts of Europe and the West Indies. The new plan, occasioned by their merger with a projected magazine, brought them a new title, *The Universal Asylum and Columbian.* This was issued "By A Society of Gentlemen," whereas the previous editor had been

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Dallas. Part of the latter's policy was to report the debates of the State Convention; and the Federalists, becoming annoyed at his attitude, finally withdrew their subscriptions. Benjamin Rush had written to Noah Webster (Mr. Albert Smyth tells us in his *Philadelphia Magazines*), "From the impudent conduct of Mr. Dallas in misrepresenting the proceedings and speeches in the Pennsylvania Convention, as well as from his deficiency of matter, the *Columbian Magazine* of which he is editor is in the decline." But most of its readers did not agree with him. The pages had been increased from fifty-four to sixty without additional expense to the subscribers and not less than two copperplates published. An Impartial Review of American Publications had been added, and the proprietors announced that they intended to make this a permanent basis on which a more extensive review might be established. At times a second edition was necessary, and the types were reset at great expense. An appendix was published containing the laws of the United States, and these with the Political Register, it was hoped would extend the usefulness of the magazine. It printed also many authentic documents in its history of the Revolution, which ran through several volumes.

In fact, the continued and increasing success of the *Columbian* made it unique among American eighteenth century magazines. Nor did it die, like most of them, of starvation. It preferred suicide with honour. The number for January, 1792, they had increased to eighty pages to make room for a report on manufactures. A note on the cover read: "We fear it will not be in our power to forward this work to some gentlemen in the interior parts of the country unless Congress shall think it proper to amend the post-office bill so as to place monthly on the same footing with daily or weekly publications." Congress did not think proper, and at the end of that year they announced their discontinuance. "The law which charges for monthly publication the postage rate on private letters or packages is a prohibition as injurious in its consequences as the principles on which it is founded are partial and oppressive. The postal laws of Great Brittain, which transported magazines on the same terms as newspapers, were continued in America for some years; and the salutary effects were apparent in the political and other useful information diffused among the people. That this privilege should be wrested from them so soon after their struggle for liberty and equal rights is at once a subject for astonishment and regret. The operation of this unequal and oppressive law having rendered it impossible to convey this miscellany to their numerous subscribers in the interior parts of this country but at the expence of losing a great proportion of them through a bad conveyance, they have determined to relinquish the undertaking and employ their time and capital in a way which may be more conducive to their private interest."

THE WOMAN-INTEREST

From the very first the magazines had cocked a disdainful calculating eye on the woman-interest. Of the twenty-three articles in a number of the *General Magazine* ten are connected with parliamentary proceedings. The others are religious, philosophical, or informational, the lightest being a dialogue against ridiculing personal defects. In the midst of all this comes oddly a package of letters from a Mrs. Martha Harward, purporting to be genuine and found after her decease. "The fate of the writer," reads the head-line, "is a strong instance of the violence of human passions when they get loose from the government of reason and the restraints of religion." The lines are a poignant cry in a humdrum world. On the back of one incoherent sobbing letter is this superscription. "To the most inhuman of his sex, W. P. Read, Betrayer, read, pity one moment. But ever forgive your Patty. For yours, come happiness or woe I ever am. Could I have parted any other way, I for your dear sake would. Impossible was it to

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live without your love. Forgive, my dear, dear Creature. To Death, to all Eternity must my soul adore her Billy. Forgive too severe Reproaches. You could not love; oh, how could such a wretch as I expect it. Adieu forever to your wretched Darling Patty." Poor Patty! Excellent opportunity for sermonising as her letters afford, one feels resentfully that they were made to suffer this last indignity of all not so much to point a moral as to adorn a tale—to add one touch of crimson colour to an otherwise dull page.

So all along. With a dancing-master bow, derisively *de rigueur,* the editors make their compliments to ladies, exploiting their sins and their follies and their vanities while pretending to censure them —for the sake of the human interest the long list of failures had shown was indispensable. The *Royal American,* Boston, began life in 1774, an exceptionally grave magazine, with such a sense of fact, indeed, that a number was delayed a week on account of the Meteorological Register and finally printed with an explanation for its absence. But as time went on it felt the need of popularising, and began to insert letters from lorn or perplexed females. "Sir: I am addressed by two gentlemen of equal merit but show neither the least encouragement, and assure them I am determined never to alter my present happy state of life. But these, they say, are things of course, for all women say the same. Pray, Sir, is it not a misfortune that a woman's resolution carries no weight? and must those who have fortitude enough suffer for the inconstancy of the rest of the sex? By indulging this a place in your magazine, I hope to put a stop to their pretensions. Your obliged Humble Servant, Rosalinda." "Mr. Editor, does not conjugal happiness immediately decrease, or does the fondest husband 'after matrimony's over Hold out more than half a lover'? And is not this a considerable objection against matrimony? In your next I expect an answer. Yours, etc., Lucy." But Lucy never heard, for there was no next. The magazine ended abruptly on account of the Revolution. It is another of the few magazines that did not die of starvation; nor did it seem likely that it would have done so, for Isaiah Thomas, who printed it for six months of its eleven, says it had a handsome list of subscribers. It had had a tempestuous career. The prospectus was issued many months before its first number, but the turbulent state of public affairs delayed its appearance and fretted its brief existence, and the blockade of the port finally compelled it to suspend.

The first magazine that openly catered to women was the *Gentleman and Lady's Town and Country,* Boston, sold at Shakespear's Head. It appeared in 1784 and was only a nine months' wonder. Its tone was rather brisk, and its desire for a wider variety than had been obtained before was somewhat unfortunately symbolised by its several styles of type. Their desire was "to please rather than to wound, woman the noblest work of God." In the first number the editors present their most respectful compliments and solicit the Candour of the public in favour of the magazine which is now submitted to the benevolent age. The embellishment of a frontispiece and other plates they could not obtain, but take the liberty of proffering a beautiful engraving from the design of an excellent master to be bound up with the volume at the close of the year. The list of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, etc. will be procured and duly inserted from this and the neighbouring towns. In the room of Meteorological Observations they flatter themselves to afford something more agreeable to the general taste than the account of snow-storms after the sky is serene or the history of North Westers when the wind is South East. A pleasing hope is indulged that the Learned and Ingenious will honour them with a valuable correspondence. All pieces of merit will be carefully noticed, and those which are refused neither blasted by indelicate censure or solemn criticism. The Ladies in particular are requested to patronise this work by add-

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ing the elegant polish of the Female Pencil, where purity of sentiment and impassioned fancy are happily blended together.

The policy of this magazine was decidedly to pamper the ladies. Most of the tales are love-tales, and there are many more than usual. Those traditional elegant employments of women, poetical enigmas and rebuses, are conspicuous; and the department of Parnassian Blossoms grew and waxed fat. Its essays show flattering attention to the gentler kind. "The Advantages of a Mutual Correspondence Between the Two Sexes;" "Desultory Thoughts Upon the Utility of Encouraging a Degree of Self-Complacency, Especially in Female Bosoms;" "Advice to a Young Lady Concerning Marriage (wherein Leonora is advised to emulate the example of Maria, whose modesty will not permit her to attend more than one ball a winter and even then accompanied by her husband);" "Rules and Maxims for Promoting Matrimonial Happiness, Addressed to Ladies (wherein they are cautioned to read frequently the marriage service not overlooking the word Obey, and to consider that the person they are going to spend their days with is a man not an angel, and not to dispute with him be the occasion what it will)." Interest was adroitly carried over from month to month by letters and advertisements. C. N. announces that he wants a wife who will agree to his system of economy and is agreeable in her person, "with such perfections as are necessary for my circumstances, who will give up luxuries and propagate love." Such a lady will favour him by giving him notice in the next month's production. Julia, in reply, says she is one of many prudent, discreet females, unmarried and as capable of propagating love as himself; she desires, however, a description of his person in the next number before advancing further. A. B. writes that her husband left her shortly after the conjugal rites were ended and, void to all humanity, took a second wife; she wants to know, since her husband married first, if she can lawfully marry during his life; or if it is felony in her, was it not in him also?

Scarcely longer lived the second magazine which recognised the sex in its title. This one, published in Philadelphia in 1792, By a Literary Society, announced itself as being entirely devoted to their affairs, and was called the *Lady's Magazine and Repository of Entertaining Knowledge*. The announcement is of unusual interest in several ways.

> The first volume of the *Lady's Magazine* is now submitted in all deference to the perusal of the fair daughters of Columbia. The extraordinary marks of applause with which the Ladies of Philadelphia received the proposals for this work claims our warmest acknowledgments. The female patronesses of literature while they discover an understanding in the fairest part of intelligent creation to distinguish works of real merit from the false glare of empty profession, at the same time also shed a lustre on the amiable qualities which adorn the minds of the fair. It is theirs to give ease to the weary traveller in the rugged paths of science and soften the rigours of intense study; it is theirs to chace the diffidence of bashful merit and give real dignity to the boldest thought. As to the reception this publication may meet with in the world of literature, we hope we are secure from the attacks of envy or malevolence, since it is devoted to the fair sex. Every lover of the ladies will stand forth as a champion in defence of a work peculiarly calculated for the instruction and amusement of the lovely. It has been observed that monthly magazines are so contracted that they leave the reader in ignorance and suspence from one month to another as to the sequel or winding up of an interesting piece. It is proposed to have the *Ladies Magazine* published every six months in a handsome large octavo volume of at least three hundred pages, ornamented with an elegant frontispiece and marble cover. It is presumed the above mode of publishing a work of this nature will be preferred to a monthly one, as it shall never be stuffed with that disgusting and worn-out expression *to be con-*

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tinued. The sex in general may rely on the editor's utmost endeavours to render it one of the most lively and instructive publications now in circulation. Their correspondence is respectfully requested in either poetry or prose. The elegant productions of their pen have hitherto adorned the most valuable libraries, and it is expected the females of Philadelphia are by no means deficient in those talents which have immortalised the names of a Montague, a Craven, a More, and a Seward in their inimitable writings. If the present work meets with the encouragement we have reason to expect, it is intended to adorn the succeeding volumes with an engraving to each number, with the addition of the newest and most fashionable patterns of needlework for gowns, aprons, etc.

The frontispiece presents the Genius of the Ladies Magazine accompanied by the Genius of Emulation, who carries in her hand a laurel crown, approaching Liberty and submitting to her, kneeling, a copy of the Rights Of Woman. But lest you may think you have in this poetic allegory an early harbinger of the suffrage movement, let us hasten to quote further from the announcement. "Persons of erudition and learning have suggested to us that a book of this kind will be universally recommended in all boarding schools throughout the country—as it is to contain everything requisite to disseminate the knowledge of real life, portray virtue in the most amiable point of view, inspire the Female Mind with a love of religion, of patience, prudence, and fortitude. In short, whatever tends to form the *accomplished Woman,* the Complete Economist, and the greatest of all treasures, A Good Wife."

The first number disclosed an adroitness worthy of longer life than a year. A number of letters were published. "The men have every access to books at college, but our sex are kept at very short allowance by our parents, who are afraid to give us improper books and do not know what are or are not proper. Signed, A Multitude of Subscribers." "We are of the opinion that you ought frequently to give us articles that are calculated for gentlemen; I would therefore advise you to omit many things that are of the feminine kind. Signed, More Than One Half Your Subscribers." Miranda writes that she is tired of the continual reprehensions of woman's dress and recommends that other subjects be found for censure or satire. Matrona is glad to hear the follies and the foibles of the sex will appear in their true colours, especially the modes of dress, which are becoming every day more and more ridiculous. Mary, Lydia, and Rebecca write that they have nothing in their library but old musty *Spectators* and hope that they may hear of all the new novels and plays. Hannah Motherly writes that they must caution the fair against fiction. Simon Soberly and Tim Noodle write what you might expect of them. These and similar letters the editor presents with an intimation that every taste will be satisfied, and with dark allusions to the farmer who tried to please everyone in his treatment of his ass.

There is a series called the Ladies Friend (wherein Emilia thinks aloud on bashfulness, conjugal affection, benevolence, and the like) and also one called Letters From a Brother To A Sister at Boarding School. (Strangely prophetic of a more famous series in a much later Philadelphia magazine, the burden of which is the same.) Thus even in that newest of new things, a woman's paper, there is nothing new under our sun.

UNPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LACK OF SUPPORT

In his preface to volume two of the *American Museum* Mathew Carey wrote: "After a careful examination of the various shoals on which periodical publications have been wrecked in this and other countries, I am in dread of only one—which I am almost ashamed to intimate. This shoal is a want of due punctuality in paying the subscriptions. These being small, each individual is but too apt to suppose it a matter of great indifference whether he pays *his* quota at

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the time appointed or in six or twelve months afterwards. This is a great mistake. It is further to be observed that the expence of sending twice or thrice or, as is often the case, four times for the amount of a subscription, bears no small proportion to the sum received." This was, indeed, one of the chief reasons for wreckage. Whatever magazines survive the year return thanks, though often somewhat hollowly, for increase of subscriptions but all call attention (with a doughty diplomacy in which no note of weariness is allowed to enter!) to the great number of old ones remaining unpaid. The *Massachusetts Magazine,* having weathered six volumes, regrets that the remissness of their subscribers at a distance (together with the appreciation of journey-work and the enhanced price of paper) will necessitate them to omit publication for three months after the completion of the present volume, to collect outstanding debts and make plans for resuming publication on an improved plan. Isaiah Thomas inserts the following notice in his *Worcester Magazine*—a weekly "Containing Politicks, Miscellanies, Poetry, and News," published 1786-1788 as a substitute for his newspaper, the *Spy,* in order to avoid the tax on newspapers which he thought an improper restraint on the press.

Please to *Read* it! Somehow or other, many persons who subscribe to newspapers and magazines never bother themselves to make payment. When the Printer gives by way of advertisement a *general dun,* they either think that they are not called upon or whether they pay or not it will be of little consequence as the debt is small, or they content themselves with thinking that *sometime or other* they will call or send him the money due, or otherwise they will send him some articles of produce to discharge their accounts. Thus by some means or other the printer remains unpaid. He now requests *All* who are indebted to him (Post-Riders are also desired to remember that *they* are included in the word *All*) to come and settle with him. If brought within *three* weeks from the date, he will receive the following articles of produce in payment, viz.: Wood by the load or cord, Butter, Cheese, Beef, Pork, Wheat Flour by the Barrel, Rye and Indian Corn, Wheat, and Flax Seed. For all these articles the market price will be paid. Those who now neglect to pay him will not think themselves ill-used if their accounts are lodged with a Magistrate.

The South Carolina *Weekly Museum,* a magazine of thirty-two pages, took the unusual liberty of announcing in stern accents on the completion of its first volume, in 1797, that it would not deviate from the rule of making theirs altogether a Cash business. Their severity in this respect did not de-humanise them in other ways, however, for they announce also that the unavoidable delay in getting out the first, the January, number arose because the festive season had been celebrated by some of their hands in a more liberal manner than usual; and to make up the deficiency they had added a supplement and would at the end of six months present the public with an additional number. One of the favourite tricks to catch the dilatory subscriber was the presentation of the seventh number gratis on payment for the preceding six. The attempt to make the subscriber pay half his year's subscription on receipt of the first number never seems to have succeeded. In one way and another most of the magazines echoed the *New American* published in 1758 at Woodbridge, New Jersey, by Sylvanus Americanus. "This number completing the first quarter, we earnestly hope our kind subscribers will now (agreeable to the proposals) discharge their arrears to the Gentleman who took in their subscriptions, that we may be enabled to proceed in this expensive undertaking." As this magazine was a very tidy little affair, the expense must have been considerable; but in this case as in most of the others the kind (or courteous or respectable or obliging or generous) patrons remained adamant and the editor suspended.

Charles Brockden Brown, who seems always to have had the magazine bee buz-

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zing in his bonnet, wrote to his brother some time before he started in 1799, the *New York Monthly,* his first periodical: "Four hundred subscribers will repay the annual expence of sixteen hundred dollars. As soon as this number is obtained, the printers will begin and trust to the punctual payment of these for reimbursement. All above four hundred will be clear profit for me; one thousand subscribers will provide $4,500 and deducting the annual expence will leave $2,700." Thus it will be seen from this calculation (which proved like that of the potter who carried the tray on his head) that the expense of running a magazine was not very great. At the end of the first volume of the Philadelphia *Monthly Magazine,* 1798, the editor returns thanks to his nine hundred subscribers, but hopes that a more extensive circulation will allow him to engage men of talent to help him, for the whole business of editing, attending the press, and circulating the numbers is now done by himself, Thomas Condie. The story was everywhere the same whether the editor could afford to get any one to help him or not. Mathew Carey in his autobiography, said of the *American Museum,* "I was much attached to this work and had great reluctance to abandon it, unproductive and vexatious as was the management of it."

The gallant story is perhaps best told in the various announcements of the *New York Magazine* which, begun in 1790, had an exceptionally long career. This was a publication of sixty-four pages, and George Washington and John Adams headed the list of subscribers. The preface to volume two hints at the well-known fact that they could employ their press to more advantage in the present state of pecuniary emoluments, but they will continue in the hope that they will derive a compensation from the liberality of their fellow-citizens. The growing opulence of the city induces them to believe that they will one day meet the reward of their present labours. Volume three announces that though the subscription is still lacking, the magazine has thus far outlived any attempts of the kind heretofore made in the city. Volume four says that the history of printing could be challenged for a single instance of persons willing to persevere in a work whose profits were so very inadequate. Their own particular interest and the profession of holding up the Literary Reputation of this city are equally responsible for the continuance. In the latter respect they have been successful to a degree beyond expectancy. The typographical part has been executed in a manner that makes them proud. Such engravings as have appeared have been executed in as neat a manner as could be done on this side of the Atlantic, the print is beautiful. Volume six says it has often been remarked that literature receives but a partial welcome in the United States, and with respect to magazines the observation is trite that their patrons are too few in number to render an undertaking of that kind an object worthy of attention either as it respects emolument or improvement. "It is impossible to arrest the attention of those attached to the active scene of business. In the pleasure with which we present this volume, we have only to regret that the number is not so respectable as the class addressed." The next volume is made to begin a new series, so that subscribers may neither possess an incomplete work nor go to the expense of procuring the six preceding volumes. These considerations, they think, have withheld some new subscribers. The proprietors have not heretofore secured a reasonable compensation for printing, exclusive of the labour of *editing.* The preface to the second volume of the new series announces that the magazine has toiled eight long years, but the harvests have been poor indeed. "Shall every attempt of this nature persist in these States? Shall our country be stigmatised, odiously stigmatised, with want of taste for literature?"

The appeal to patriotism is everywhere voiced by these sturdy soldiers of a forlorn hope. The *United States* in 1779 had announced that America must show

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that she was able to cultivate the belles-lettres, even disconnected with Great Britain, and disprove the British jeer that the colonies when separated from England would become mere illiterate ourang-outangs. "Foreigners view works of this nature as evidence of the literary character of our city," implored the *New York Magazine*. "Shall we not then exert ourselves to appear as respectable abroad as we really are at home? Strangers generally refer their decision of the state of learning to the number of original compositions a place boasts. Though originality is not an absolute requisite to the composition of a good magazine, nevertheless it is a weighty consideration. Numbers of the Sons and Daughters of Columbia are well qualified to shine in the walks of literature. Let each, then, lend a helping hand." Even more vigorous appeals were made in the name of local pride. "We believe it to be pretty generally the case," said this magazine, "that other periodicals of America receive considerable support from neighbouring States, but such is not the case with us. No one will ever doubt the ability of the city of New York to support a monthly publication," it continues with all the emphasis of uneasiness. The editor of the *American* in 1787 in announcing his discontinuance with the twelfth number had said, "Business will require the proprietor to leave the city immediately on the delivery of this number, and whether the most flourishing city in America will continue and support this periodical remains yet to be determined." The *Nightingale* or *A Melange de Literature,* Boston, 1796, in announcing a change in its policy piped a shrill key: "We are sanguine that a literary periodical can be supported in America. It has been suggested that the inhabitants of Boston prefer viewing the manifest of a ship's cargo to a lounge in the library. Let it not be said that in the pursuit of gain, Literature and the Muses are left at a distance, and that a sordid lust for gold has banished every noble sentiment, every mental delight from the bosoms of the avaricious Bostonians. God forbid that any foe to our country ever shall have reason to say that our native town is the residence of Ignorance, though it should be the emporium of Plutus!"

One is profoundly impressed with the sporting blood of the devoted band. They entered the arena and shouted smilingly, "We who are about to die salute you!" They bade their fellows godspeed and, later, a grim farewell. The *Massachusetts Magazine* said with its fourth volume: "Four years' experience has partly baffled the expectations of hope. The increase of subscriptions has unfortunately fallen below anticipation. Some part of the time alluded to another magazine received a degree of continuance in this State, and publications of a similar nature were fostered in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Nova Scotia, etc. Death though the destroyer of human hope often invigorates the confidence of the living. The *American Museum, Columbian Asylum, New Jersey Repository,* and *Nova Scotia Magazine* are now no more. Their passing shades move silently along and beckon the *Massachusetts Magazine* to follow. Fond of life and anticipating length of days, she bids them a tender adieu and presses forward to the mark of the high calling of the Literati." Three years later its preface announces that it will go on in spite of difficulties. "As this is at present the only publication of

The next instalment of Mr. Tassin's "The Magazine in America" will deal with the Boston magazines from the beginning of the century down to the establishment and demise of "The Dial." The magazine marked, says Colonel Higginson, the first important epoch in the literary history of New England. The literary rivalry of the three chief cities of the country—Boston, Philadelphia, and New York—had already begun; and the scorn each exhibited for the other was considerable. Mr. Tassin will take up each in turn. It was before the end of the period he discusses in his next article that Boston wrested from Philadelphia the title of the Athens of America.

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the kind in the States, we fondly hope it will receive both literary and pecuniary assistance. Should it, however, finally share the fate of all other American publications of the kind, those who have been and still are interested in its success will have at least the satisfaction of reflecting that in comparison with the rest it died in a good old age." From 1789 to 1796, it was indeed a notable record.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING"

THE shortest effective way in which to define this strong and able piece of fiction is to say that it forms a worthy companion picture to its English prototype, Frank Danby's *Heart of a Child*. Like Sally Snape, Jennie Cushing is a child of questionable ancestry, maturing in unsavoury surroundings. Just who and what the elusive Mr. Conklin and the mysterious Countess Paolini really are is quite immaterial, for when Jennie is arrested for assaulting a boy bigger than herself, to protect a wretched cat from maltreatment, this very shady pair of guardians, having a wholesome fear of the law, silently slip out of her life and at the same time out of the pages of the book. Of Jennie's commitment to a State reformatory, of her calm acceptance of its strict discipline and her determination to make the most of her opportunities to learn, of her subsequent years of willing drudgery on the Doane farm, of her later prosperity as a manicure, her brief three years of mad happiness with Donalson Meigs, the artist, her awakening to the incongruity of such an association, her sacrifice and final attainment of content in a life devoted to the saving of other homeless girls from mistakes such as hers,—of all this much could be written, without at all conveying the flavour of the book itself or explaining the gripping quality of its tragedy, the tenderness of its human sympathy. The simple truth is that, in conceiving Jennie Cushing, Mrs. Watts has created a human soul, real, vital, unmistakably individual. What we care about is far less what Jennie does than what she is, what she thinks and feels. And the poignant pity of it all is that any one so naturally fine and good and brave, so eminently made for better things, so eager for the ordinary joys of life, should be so handicapped by fate that it is a foregone conclusion that she must know suffering and sin and sorrow. It is not easy, at second hand, even to convey a fair idea of Jennie's personality, her strong and quite original character and disposition. She is eminently practical, and until roused somewhat stolid in manner. As a child she saw no humour in the rough practical jokes of other children, in teasing and bullying their weaker comrades. Sound common sense and an innate chivalry toward the helpless are her two strongest traits. Work, even hard, prolonged physical work has no fears for her; she is nat-

*The Rise of Jennie Cushing. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Nightingale. By Ellenor Stoothoff. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A Knight on Wheels. By Ian Hay. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Sinister Street. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Innocent. By Marie Corelli. New York: George H. Doran Company.

One Clear Call. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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urally thrifty, and she has early learned the magic power of money, and penny by penny she means to earn and save. But, almost unguessed even by herself, Jennie has, beneath her stolid exterior, a temperament capable of a veritable storm of emotion if once it is stirred. Even as a child, she had her rare moments of awakening when suddenly confronted by some gem of exquisite art, a delicately wrought group of dancing figures. Though nurtured in the unlovely surroundings of Amelia Street, she none the less has her ideals, her unquenchable instinct for the beautiful; and it is this eternal warfare within her between everyday practicality and the repressed thirst for higher things that makes the tragedy of her life inevitable. There must have been no small temptation, in writing this story, to end it differently. Humanly speaking, it would have seemed not only natural but almost inevitable for a lonely hungry-hearted woman to respond with every fibre of her being to the appeal of her lover when he at last returns, contrite and eager, begging to atone for past errors and to make her his wife. And yet Mrs. Watts has so wonderfully interpreted the inmost nature of Jennie Cushing that we know such a conclusion would be impossible. Jennie might once yield to temptation through sheer, overmastering impulse; but when she has carefully thought out a line of conduct, when she has made her decision and knows she is right, nothing can shake her, nothing stir the adamant of her resolve. Our hearts may ache with a contagious sympathy, but we know she cannot yield. Even if the author had made the mistake of telling us that Jennie at last surrendered, we would still have known that the author was mistaken, that the thing was impossible. But, as it stands, the book will be remembered as a rare piece of brave, consistent, and compelling truthfulness.

"THE PATROL OF THE SUN DANCE TRAIL"

We are compelled to recognise that a certain numerically important section of the reading public enjoys the peculiar brand of fiction produced by Ralph Connor, and undoubtedly this section will welcome his new volume, *The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail,* in which he chronicles further adventures of his already popular hero, Sergeant Cameron, of the North West Mounted Police. How Cameron, retired from the force and happily married, is once more called into active service by the rumour of a formidable rising among the Indians of a district of which he alone has complete knowledge; how this rising is not confined to the Piegan Indians, a negligible force, but is a concerted plot of a dozen tribes, led by the formidable Sioux chief, Onowata; how Cameron's wife saves the life of Onowata's son, badly mutilated by a wolf trap, and how, in consequence, the chief vows eternal friendship to the Camerons; how this friendship turns to hatred when Onowata discovers that Cameron has been detailed to run him down and arrest him; how Cameron's wife is attacked, his house burned down and he himself captured and facing unspeakable tortures, when rescue comes at the eleventh hour,—all these things may be read in Ralph Connor's book by those who have a tolerance or a taste for this particular brand of melodrama. One would suppose that an ample supply of such fiction could be found on dusty library shelves, ranging in quality all the way from the Leatherstocking Tales downward to Mayne Reid; but if we must have new volumes, with a more modern twist of style, why Ralph Connor probably does the trick as neatly as any one at the present day is doing it. But, to the matter-of-fact, literal-minded reader, this whole type of fiction is glaringly, blatantly impossible. Its personages bear such marvellously charmed lives, that they are like figures moving through a waking dream. We all know the sensation of undergoing prodigious adventures in our sleep. We are shot and stabbed through, and presently arise and press onward unmindful of our hideous wounds; we are bound hand and foot, until the racking pain of the bonds

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becomes torture, and suddenly the cords fall away of themselves, and once again we are in the heat of action unscathed and undaunted. And the only thing that shatters the magic texture of our illusion is when we happen to awake. Well, so it is with Mr. Connor's heroes: they take an incredible amount of punishment without flinching; they miss impending death by a hair's-breadth, and smile in its face; they lose blood by the gallon and never seem to miss it; they are not merely invulnerable like Achilles, they are indifferent to assault, like impalpable ghosts,—bullets and arrows seem to pass harmlessly through them. And all this is told us with such calm assurance, such serene conviction on the part of the author that it almost catches the reader's credulity,—until the moment of awakening comes, and he realises that it is nothing but the tattered shreds of a chaotic dream.

"THE NIGHTINGALE"

It is a relief, once in a long while, to come across a blithe little volume that refuses to be classified, a volume so original, so different, that there is no pigeonhole among all the conventional types of fiction, in which to stow it away. And this is the chief merit of Ellenor Stoothoff's unpretentious narrative, *The Nightingale,* with its annoyingly flippant sub-title, "A Lark." Hilda Manely is not precisely a *malade imaginaire,* she is simply a pampered, badly spoiled wife, whose worshipful husband, Horace, is obviously too good and too patient. Well, one day, the little lady awakens to a sense of her own uselessness, realises that her wretched nerves are the penalty of her own lack of energy, her selfishness, her idle dawdling. And being really a person of some innate cleverness and strength of purpose, she determines to act at once and, by doing a seemingly mad deed, to save before it is too late what is left of her married happiness from complete wreckage. She leaves a letter of explanation to her husband, telling him that she is going away for a time, to Europe, that he must not follow her, nor ask where she has gone, but that they may both write, *poste restante,* to a certain town in Italy, and that when her nerves are cured, she will come home again. It sounds like a heartless little letter, when recapitulated in the above bald fashion, but in reality it is one of the tenderest love-letters imaginable. The tenderness is less in the wording than in what is implied between the lines; and the husband, when he reads it, understands, just as the wife knows he will, all the courage that lies behind the mad impulse, all the wild, irresistible longing to roam if need be over the whole world in quest of the strength and health that are eluding her at home. As for the adventures of her strange Odyssey, they are too varied, too bizarre, too deliciously absurd to be spoiled by any clumsy rehearsing. Imagine a second-hand, shabby little car, derisively nicknamed Bucephalus, a sturdy Italian maid, Suzetta, two baby lambs, christened Scylla and Charybdis, contentedly stowed away in the tonneau, and you have some vague conception of the accompaniments of Hilda's pilgrimage. And what astounding adventures she meets, and what strange acquaintances she makes, and what odd coincidents bring her from time to time into touch with friends from home, who are left gasping with bewilderment at her eccentricities, or in some cases, slowly awakening to an appreciation of the deep-lying wisdom behind her madness. Throughout all her ramblings, she has set a date in the recesses of her own heart, and that date is to be determined by the first nightingale that she hears sing. So as spring comes on she makes her way steadily northward, feeling that the time has not yet come, that although gaining steadily, she is not yet in the full possession of recovered health. And when the time does come, and the nightingale does sing, the husband who throughout the tedious months has been as wise in his patient understanding as the wife was in her break for freedom, has by some subtle instinct winged his way straight to the spot

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where the radiant and rejuvenated Hilda is awaiting him. It is all a tissue of blithe absurdities, with an undercurrent of tender and subtle seriousness.

"A KNIGHT ON WHEELS"

Arnold Bennett recently wrote, "the older I grow, the less attention I pay to technique in fiction." The same words might apply to a majority of the younger English novelists who have come into vogue within the last decade, and among others, to Ian Hay. To this younger school, the essential thing is not a certain closely correlated series of events, uniting to make a strongly constructed drama. Events, of course, there must be, or there could be no narrative; but to these later craftsmen the essential is first, last and all the time human character, and events are interesting, not in themselves, but because of the way in which they cause certain given characters and temperaments to react. *A Knight on Wheels,* Ian Hay's latest novel, is an admirable instance of the newer tendency. Throughout the whole series of adventures that make up the life of Philip Meldrum, from early boyhood down to the time when the course of true love suddenly reconciles itself to running smoothly, there is not one that is glaringly false or unlikely, but neither is there any that seems inevitable. Things, we are told, simply happened in such-and-such a way, and Philip reacted in such-and-such other ways. It is all very carefully done, and without being very keenly interested in Philip's joys and sorrows, we do come to feel that we know him with an almost unjustifiable intimacy; we know beforehand just what he must inevitably say or do under given circumstances, the kind of clothes he will buy, the sort of girl he will love. But of his life, as a whole, we get no structural pattern; the author's ultimate purpose, assuming that he has one, eludes us. Ten days after reading the volume, our memory is already hazy; what stand out are, not the ground plan of the book, but isolated episodes, whimsical characters. A year from now, the name and personality of the hero himself will have become a mere wraith of memory, while on the contrary, a minor character, Philip's Uncle Joseph, will remain unforgettable,—Uncle Joseph, professed cynic and misanthrope, with his twisted morality and incurable philanthropy. Of money to spare in charity Uncle Joseph has none; but he sees that the world is filled with well-meaning, credulous souls, whose happiness lies in giving away their pounds, shillings and pence to any plausible scoundrel with a clever tale of woe. Accordingly, Uncle Joseph spends his days in concocting the most ingenious and heart-rending cases of destitution, and in response to his appealing letters money pours in upon him in a golden shower,—and every penny goes out again to aid the really deserving poor. And the only reward that Uncle Joseph earns for all his toil and all his risk of detection is a reputation for vast benevolence and for being the most discriminating giver in all England. This is a fine bit of character drawing, and it is only one among a score stowed away in this long, crowded, and in places somewhat dull volume.

"SINISTER STREET"

Much of what is said above of Ian Hay's literary methods applies equally well to Compton Mackenzie, whose new volume, *Sinister Street,* chronicles the later adventures of Michael Fane, whose early years are already familiar to readers of *Youth's Encounter.* As a detailed interpretation of English educative methods, a study of the slow making of a modern university man of the finer type, this minute, relentlessly analytical vivisection of the life, the thoughts, the very impulses and emotions of Michael Fane is a rather big achievement, and one which deserves a heartier recognition than it is likely to receive from an American audience, which will find the earlier half of the volume, the half dealing with university life at Oxford, too British, too local, to be altogether easy

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and congenial reading. The later chapters are of wider appeal, especially those pages of rare intuition which depict Michael's bold adventures into the under-world, his quixotic quest of the lost Lily, a love of earlier years, whom he would fain redeem, and his gradual education in a knowledge of women of all types, from foul-mouthed Mrs. Murdock, the lodging-house keeper in Camden Town, to Poppy Carlyle, "a peaked little creature who spat forth her fury" at him, because in offering her a couple of pounds, he had, from her point of view, insulted her by declining the favours she was willing to barter. Taken as a whole, the book leaves behind it a whirling sense of bewilderment, much the same sort of bewilderment that you bring away after having escaped from the surge and jostle of a vast crowd. Not that the descriptions lack clearness and order, not that they are out of place or superfluous; on the contrary, the very sense of confusion and multitude is a part of the book's triumph; we live in it, just as we live in our actual, every-day world of crowded city life, meeting more adventures than we could chronicle, encountering more faces than we could remember, doing hour by hour thousands of seemingly inconsequential little things that later are destined to loom up so portentously. Just how clear a pattern underlies *Sinister Street* is not altogether apparent at a first crowded reading; to see it clearly one would have to go back and re-read *Youth's Encounter,* and then let the two books lie fallow in the mind for an additional week or so. The author himself professes no deeper design than to trace, up to the age of twenty-three, the youth of a man "who presumably will become a priest." "My purpose," he adds, "was not to write a life, but the prologue of a life. He is growing up on the last page, and his interest for me is beginning to fade. He may have before him a thousand new adventures; he may become a Benedictine monk; he may become a society preacher. I have given you as fairly as I could the influences that went to mould him." But the author has done more, perhaps, than he is altogether aware; behind the man, he has given us glimpses of the social order which has formed him, and indirectly has analysed and criticised in a wide, sweeping way the complex social life of present-day England. The book is in a measure formless, but that can be forgiven because of the richness of what it contains.

"INNOCENT"

Really, Miss Marie Corelli is quite incorrigible. No matter how hard she may try to alter her method, she cannot see life simply and directly, but always, as it were, through a stained-glass window, strangely coloured, exaggerated, somewhat hectic. Her new volume is an especially apt illustration. Nothing could be imagined more apparently straightforward and natural than the opening scene, hay-making on Briar Farm, the pride and joy of old Hugo Jocelyn, whose ancestors have wrung prosperity from its acres since the days of Queen Elizabeth. It is just a simple, homely group, such as figures in many another English novel of rural life: Old Uncle Hugo, brave, loyal, tender-hearted, proud of his nephew and heir, Roger, and simply wrapped up in the quaint, delicate, elusive young person who bears the odd name of Innocent and who calls him Dad. But we have not penetrated beyond the first chapter before we discover that these seemingly average, normal people are not normal at all, but each in his own way quite mad. Take Uncle Hugo, for instance. He is an honest man, a sober, upright man, proud of his unblemished reputation; furthermore, he loves Innocent as dearly as though she were really the daughter that she believes herself to be. Yet, instead of telling the simple truth, namely that eighteen years ago a handsome stranger came riding through the night and left a baby girl at the farm, riding off again and never returning, Uncle Hugo knowing nothing of the child's parentage, places a stigma on his name and hers by circulating the report that she is his illegitimate daughter. Then, there is Robin

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the nephew, who loves Innocent and patiently but vainly presses his suit. Now, Robin knows well that gossip is busy with the mystery of Innocent's parentage and that she must be even more careful than other girls to avoid reproach; yet this does not prevent him from climbing up the old vine-clad wall of his uncle's house, entering her window at midnight, and letting himself be seen and intercepted on his departure by his rival and enemy Ned Landon. Then, there is Innocent herself, the most unreal, impossible character of them all. Growing up alone and with little schooling, so absorbed in her dreams that it never occurs to her to wonder or question why the other girls and women hold themselves aloof, she finds her chief joy in a treasure-box of old books and documents that she by chance unearthed one day from its hiding place, and that contains the life history of the Sieur Amadis de Jocelyn, the founder of the English branch of the family. These books and papers, written partly in early English and partly in Norman French, she learns to read unaided, save for a dictionary; and so saturated has she become with the spirit of that bygone century, and the life and surroundings of her supposed ancestor, the Sieur Amadis, that at the age of twenty she writes a novel which all England proclaims to be a work of genius, an epoch-making book that surely must have been written by a man, a scholar and a philosopher. But the publication of this book comes after an interval of two years from the night when Robin, escaping from Innocent's window, half kills Ned Landon who has spied upon him. Uncle Hugo, learning the facts next morning, took energetic steps to remove Landon from the vicinity; but the excitement and anxiety cost the old man his life; and Innocent, still refusing to marry Robin, gathered up the few pounds she could call her own and hid herself in the impenetrable maze of London. And from this point on, Miss Corelli gives free rein to the caprices of her undisciplined imagination. Innocent's mother is the wife of an English peer, Lord Blythe, who in her younger days yielded to a mad caprice and eloped secretly with a handsome young painter, Pierce Armitage. She soon tired of him, the scandal was hushed up by her family and the child, as we have seen, deposited at Briar Farm. But wonders never will cease: Innocent, upon arriving alone and friendless in London, reads in the paper an advertisement of lodgings, drives to the address given, and is promptly taken in and mothered by a delightful old lady who turns out to be the former betrothed of Innocent's father, who jilted her to elope with the present Lady Blythe. To go further into details of this much involved and marvellously artificial tale; to rehearse minutely the vindictive hatred of Lady Blythe for the daughter whose only offence is to have made herself famous; to relate how Lady Blythe is moved to confess to her husband her early frailty and how he casts her off and she is found dead the next morning from an over-dose of veronal; how Innocent meets in her turn a handsome young artist, who proves to have descended from the French branch of the Jocelyns; how he amuses himself with playing upon her fresh and impressionable affections, and when he wearies, brutally casts her off, striking her a death blow by doing so,—all this seems hardly worth while, but for one purpose,—it may perhaps save a few readers from the waste of time involved in reading the original.

"ONE CLEAR CALL"

One Clear Call, by Frances Nimmo Greene, may be most simply defined as the tragic efforts to make atonement for a life of knavery and dishonour, when the man who has thus squandered it is told that his days are numbered. Henry Garnett was his parents' only child, and they were proud of him with that special pride of the old chivalrous South. But early in life he began to dissipate heavily, his business dealings were notoriously crooked, one friend after another was brought to ruin through him, and when at last a rumour of his death reached his family the old father who had disowned

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him felt only a sense of relief. But the old mother, remembering only his broad young shoulders and sunny curly hair, could do nothing for years but sit and weep, and little by little she went blind. And when in the course of time the supposed dead Henry returned to town and was known as the proprietor of the most gorgeous and most disreputable saloon in the neighbourhood, the truth was carefully kept from the gentle little blind woman, sitting pathetically on her porch, listening to the passing footsteps of the younger generation that had forgotten her. Now, there happens to be just one man in town who still cherishes a feeling of friendship for Garnett because in their early school days the latter had come to his rescue in an unfair fight. This one friend is a young surgeon, Alan Hamilton, who has just had a serious setback in his professional progress because of a three months' enforced idleness as the result of an automobile accident. During these three months in the hospital, Alan has been much helped and possibly his very life has been saved by the gentle ministrations of a beautiful young stranger, herself just recovering from a serious illness. And the acquaintance, founded on the intimacy of the sick-room, continues afterwards, in spite of the woman's reluctance and her plain hints that she is not free to love and marry. Meanwhile, Alan had gradually won Garnett's confidence, has examined him and gently told him that he has at best but few months to live, and little by little has persuaded him to make restitution and undo so far as possible the harm he has strewn broadcast in the place of his birth. Finally, one day, Garnett tells Alan the secret grief of his life: some years earlier he married, in Mexico, a young girl who awoke all that was noblest in him and who might have reformed him, if she had had the courage to stand by him. But one day rumours of his past life reached her and, without giving him a hearing, the wife deserted him, and try as he would, he had never traced her. Alan, full of pity and indignation, takes this sad story and pours it into the usually sympathetic ears of the beautiful stranger, whom he knows only as Faith Godwin; but when he impulsively denounces Garnett's wife as "despicably weak, disloyal, unlike anything that a woman ought to be," he learns in shocked amaze that the woman before him, the Faith on whose loyalty and devotion he could have sworn, is herself none other than Garnett's truant wife, a woman racked almost to the breaking point by the call of conscience and duty. How the two eventually work out their part of the problem and how Garnett finally plays an unexpected and decisive rôle need not be here revealed, for the story is eminently worth reading and some measure of surprise should in fairness be held back by the reviewer. It is a strong, tender story, full of a wholesome optimism, a staunch faith in the innate goodness of human nature.

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"WHO won the battle of the Marne?" —the words were uttered in a club much frequented by writing men and painting men—"you will say that the battle was won by the stubborn resistance of the Allies and the strategy of General Joffre. In a measure true. But I say that the issue of the conflict was decided by the motor car, the aeroplane —not at all in the obvious sense—and, last, but not least, by certain rather disreputable American pugilists who, seven or eight years ago, found their way to Paris, and there spent much of their leisure time in Henry's American Bar in the Rue Volney. You don't hear much of the American allies of the Allies, but, let me tell you, they contributed their share." Then followed the elaboration of the rather curious argument. "Fifteen years ago," the speaker went on to say, "a similar German drive at Paris would have reached Paris. Then the French were a discouraged people. They were appalled by their country's stationary birth-rate, by the realisation of the fact that with thirty-nine million people they might, at any hour, be called upon to confront in battle a nation with a population of sixty-five million. So often had the charges of decadence, of over-civilisation been levelled against them that they had come to accept these charges as true. To restore self-reliance, to raise drooping spirits, a certain kind of achievement was needed. That achievement had to be, not intellectual, but physical."

"Then came the motor car. That the French were the leaders in its practical development was merely of secondary importance. It was the spectacle of those cool, resourceful dare-devils at the steering wheel—men like Fournier and Théry—grazing death at ninety miles an hour, and carrying the tri-colour to victory in race after race that thrilled the nation like trumpet calls. Then came the aeroplane. Blériot flew over the Channel, Vedrines and Conneau distanced the bird men of rival nations. Prevost attained a speed in the air of more than one hundred and twenty-six miles an hour. These deeds gave added impetus to the growing spirit of national self-consciousness. Then came the American allies, the somewhat sordid driftage of the prize ring. At first their mission was merely to earn livelihoods by conducting gymnasiums that would be patronised by men of the upper classes. But here and there a French boy was found who showed a decided aptitude for the game, and soon *'le boxe'* became known and practiced throughout France as it had never been known or practiced before. Under the direction of officers it was cultivated in the army and in the navy and ere long every regiment and every ship had its champions at the various weights. No longer could the English sailor on shore leave in an eastern port square off to a French 'navvy' with the assurance of easy conquest. Then came a sturdy young Frenchman of the north, by name George Carpentier. At fourteen and fifteen he met and defeated England's best bantams and feathers. Before his eighteenth birthday he disposed of Jem Smith, the English middle weight champion; then, despite odds of age, weight and reach he won the European heavyweight title in a battle at Ghent with 'Bombardier' Wells. A return match held a little more than a year ago in the National Sporting Club of London proved even more decisive, the French boy reducing his bulky British opponent to a condition of utter helplessness in the space of seventy-three seconds. With fine sporting spirit the English, instead of being incensed at Carpentier's quick conquest of their national champion, made him a popular hero, and last July, when he arrived in London for the

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purpose of fighting the American 'Gunboat' Smith, the horses were unharnessed from his carriage in the courtyard of Charing Cross station, and the carriage pulled by hand through the streets between lines of cheering thousands. It was the figure of Carpentier that the London 'man in the street' saw when he pictured himself fighting in the Flemish trenches, and was comforted with the thought of a worthy ally. But back of Carpentier was the American trainer who had made his prowess possible. Every one is familiar with the words of the Duke of Wellington to the effect that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton and Harrow. Might it not, with equal justice, be said that the foundation of the resistance which rolled the tide of German invasion back on the Marne were laid in the roped rings of Paris gymnasiums by a group of American 'pugs' who had passed the best years of their own achievements but have not forgotten how to impart their knowledge of ring craft to younger men?"

Stephen Mackenzie.

THE MANTLE OF EUGENE FIELD

The best work of Eugene Field has proved to be of lasting value, yet much of it was written, day by day, for his column, "Sharps and Flats," in the Chicago "Daily News." The originality and whimsical humour of this column soon established his reputation throughout the country. It has, moreover, exercised an undisputed influence on the work of his successors—the poets, wits and humourists of the American press. The impulse was, in turn, communicated to nearly all of the Chicago newspapers, and gradually found a lodging in the daily journals of several Eastern and Western States. To-day the "colyumists" are, in Gilbertian phrase, "as thick as sprats," and in some instances constitute one of the most valuable assets of the newspaper. Field's "mantle" has fallen, in becoming folds, on such men, of marked individual talent, as Bert Leston Taylor of the Chicago "Tribune," Don Marquis of the New York "Evening Sun," Franklin P. Adams of the New York "Tribune." These men especially have an immense following, by no means wholly local. Their work, and that of other "colyumists" in various communities, will be the subject of a paper by W. T. Larned in the March issue.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

SEVEN YEARS ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Many and varied have been the experiences which have fallen to the lot of the brilliant woman whose latest volume now comes to us bringing the account of what was possibly, by contrast, the oddest experience of them all. The four years of Mrs. Fraser's sojourn in a pioneer community in the then almost unexplored territory of Washington, and the seven years' work and play her son put in in that same community, growing up with its growth, gave them rich store of incident to draw on for this stately book. From the interesting introductory chapter, with its free mental attitude, rather odd for a woman of the conventional world, to the closing lines of sincere appreciation of the great natural beauty and the splendid human material to be found in the Far West, the book pulses with the spirit of new places. The silences of great forests and towering untrodden heights, the simplicity and sincerity of human companionship in new communities, where the humans feel so small in the face of mighty Nature that they crowd together for comfort, all these are interpreted for us by a writer who has power to feel and a pen trained to express what she feels. There is a rich sunny humour over it all, a humour that comes with the shifting of values and truer appreciation of things life in the raw sometimes brings to the over-conventionalised.

What is all our culture and thought worth compared to the work of men who add millions of acres to the world's wheat-belt, who turn jungle into pasturage and water the desert until it blooms into life?

These are the thoughts of a woman who has lived when culture and thought were rated high when she comes down to a first-hand experience of the cruder necessities of life. The Mackenzie Tribe, the coming of the lawyer to the new little town, the overcome temperance agitation (Mrs. Fraser has delightfully sensible views on this mooted subject) are some of the many amusing adventures that each new day brought. Among the multitude of quotable things in the book there is one holding a suggestion so good that it is worth bringing to the attention of prospective readers right now:

If the American Government ever runs out of trained . . . or half trained . . . diplomatists, it has only to call upon the great army of drummers to help it out. Establish figureheads of sufficiently glittering material, then fill the embassies with highly paid salesmen under the hand of a reformed sales-manager, and we shall be able to hold our own against anything that even the fiend can send us. Is there any suave and jewelled diplomat living who could overreach a five-thousand dollar traveller in dry goods? There is not! Bismarck himself would have been helpless in the hands of two of them!

HISTORY OF MEXICO. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: The Bancroft Company.

Mexico comes in for a share of interest among the new publications, although writers and publishers feel that books about Mexico are a bad risk. One is scarcely written, much less published, before conditions have so changed that what it has to offer is of value only as chronicle of the past, and has no meaning for the present or future. On the list to-day is a scholarly, leisurely history of that storm-wracked country, a revision of an earlier work by Hubert Howe Bancroft, the well-known historian of Western America. But in bringing his *History of Mexico* up-to-date Mr. Bancroft includes in it a chapter on recent happenings which is so bitterly partisan, so blindly biased that it is of no more value as a record than any reportorial or editorial material from some Yellow Journal would be. It is a pity, for it throws a doubt on the fairness and accuracy of the entire book.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE KING BEHIND THE KING. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

This is the sort of tale in which the author of *Uther and Igraine* is most at home, strange adventures that, seen through the haze of distant centuries, lose their unreality. The atmosphere of the setting, like the phrasing of the prose, is equally that of bygone days; outlawry is abroad in England's woodlands; the country is seething with unrest; the young king is known to be a weakling, and when it is learned that a mighty army of his subjects is thronging toward London, clamourous for a public audience, the question that strikes dismay into the hearts of all the court is whether the craven monarch can muster up courage to face his people, or whether he will ignominiously break down and disgrace his throne. But fate has been kinder to the weakling than he deserves. There is, in the heart of the forest lands, a stalwart young stripling, one Fulk Ferrers, who little guesses that he has royal blood running in his veins, and that he is physically the counterfeit presentment of his own sovereign, plus those kingly qualities which the other so pitifully lacks. How young Ferrers comes to the rescue, how he first saves the king's throne and later awakens him to manhood, and how in doing these things he wins the fair Iseult, his heart's desire—such is the sum and substance of the blithe tale that Mr. Deeping has told so pleasantly.

THE TEETH OF THE TIGER. By Maurice Leblanc. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Here is that rare thing, a detective tale with an absolutely new twist to it. As for the mysterious imprint of teeth which gives the book its spectacular title and cover design, they really figure but little as a clue in solving a mystery, the elusiveness of which lies in the fact that of the four characters present at the first crucial scene, one of them is the victim, the other three are proved conclusively, one by one, to have been innocent, and yet the story does not disobey that first rule of all good detective stories, that the guilty party must be one of the persons first introduced to the reader. To give anything like a detailed analysis of this complex tangle would be quite outside the purpose of this notice. But the initial situation may be briefly outlined. A much-excited man arrives at police headquarters and announces that he has reason to believe that he and his young son are to be murdered. Two detectives volunteer to guard him through the night, and keep watch in the hall just outside his bedroom door. They hear no sound, yet in the morning he and his son are both dead, and the safe to which he alone had the combination has been opened and robbed. And this is merely the introductory episode to a series of rather baffling problems which the author ultimately solves with his characteristic ingenuity.

TO-DAY'S DAUGHTERS. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

There is in this new volume by Mrs. Bacon no small amount of shrewd and sympathetic understanding of the new aspects of life that confront and confuse the young woman of to-day. Lucia Stanchon, antagonised by the somewhat aggressive conservatism of her father; over-persuaded and hurried into a marriage before she is quite ready by the impetuous young German physician who loves her; surrounded by a group of somewhat older women, all of them with advanced ideas and with business and professional interests outside of their homes, loses her bearings, drags her anchor, and, blind to the blessings of a devoted husband, adoring children and the shelter of a home, is on the threshold of shipwreck when, at the eleventh hour, her womanhood awakens and she finds that, though times have changed, wives and mothers are to-day fundamentally much what they have been in the past. A wise, discerning book, with a pervading vein of not ungentle irony.

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THE RED MIST. By Randall Parish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Readers whose taste for Civil War stories is not yet sated may find congenial reading in this new tale by Randall Parish. It narrates the adventures of a Confederate sargeant of artillery, who volunteers for the perilous duty of visiting a certain lawless region of West Virginia, and learning just what forces of Federal troops are stationed there and how much of the country is still overrun by guerrillas. For this purpose he disguises himself as a Federal recruiting officer, a certain Lieutenant Raymond, and makes encouraging progress until the irony of fate brings him in the middle of a stormy night to a lonely house occupied solely by an unprotected girl—a girl whose father has been murdered and who is soon to be besieged by would-be abductors. How the sargeant saves the girl's life and honour, and how his good intentions and official duties are rudely interfered with by the disconcerting fact that the young woman in question happens to be personally acquainted with the real Lieutenant Raymond whom he claims to be—all this serves as a satisfactory turning-point for a story which, if not inspired, has at least a well-sustained interest.

THE GAME OF LIFE AND DEATH. By Lincoln Colcord. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Lincoln Colcord has for several years been contributing stories to the magazines. But now that they are being gathered together in successive volumes, he will begin to receive the recognition to which he is entitled as a new force of some potency in contemporary fiction. It would be a pleasure, if space permitted, to examine in some detail these forceful, gripping tales of the sea; they challenge comparison, at one moment with Morgan Robertson at his best, and at another with Joseph Conrad. Especially rare in its sinister suggestion is his interpretation of the Oriental mind, hidden behind the outward passive mask of the typical Chinese. And as for the elemental emotions unchained by danger and starvation and pain, one must turn to Jack London for any similar unsparing portrayal, such stripping bare of the primitive human beast. Such a bit of narrative as "Thirst"—it is not a story, but merely an episode—has a haunting quality; one cannot even think of it in retrospect without a painful closing of the throat, a racking sense of parching dryness through every fibre of the body. A writer who can play in such manner upon the reader's sensibilities is eminently well worth watching.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT. By Laurence Eyre. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

This is a novelisation, made by the author himself, from the play already familiar to the theatre-going public. To others it may be briefly defined as the story of the awakening of an unconsciously selfish woman to a recognition of her own shortcomings, under the humanising influence of a gentle, loving, frail little grandchild. Indeed, when read as narrative fiction, it suggests in plot, character drawing and range of human emotions a not too distant resemblance to *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. As a bit of technique, the transformation into a novel has been cleverly done, leaving scant trace of joints between separate scenes and acts.

AMAZING GRACE. By Kate Trimble Sharber. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Here is the intimate self-revelation of a wide-awake young Southern girl of the younger generation, who to the scandal of her whole family insists upon keeping her independence and reporting for the local newspaper, the *Oldsburg Herald,* instead of doing the conventional thing and marrying Guilford Blake. The real trouble with Grace Cristie, however, the thing that makes her perpetually amazing, is her mixed heredity, for she is half Grandfather Moore, hard and puritanical, and half Uncle Launcelot, whose indiscretions are still a family legend. Consequently, when in the course of time Grace inherits from Aunt Patricia a bundle of faded old love-letters representing the history of the hopeless love between her one famous ancestor, James Mackenzie Cristie, and an equally famous English novelist, and when a publisher offers her a tempting sum for the right to bring them out, Grace wavers back and forth, because Grandfather Moore whispers, "You must not," and Uncle Launcelot urges her to consent. In the end Amazing Grace turns down the publisher's offer, takes the letters to Colmere Abbey in England, where they

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were written, and burns them on the ancestral hearth—but in this decision the voice that she chiefly heeds is neither that of Grandfather Moore nor of Uncle Launcelot, but of a stalwart young Englishman who is very much alive and very much in love with his Amazing Lady.

LITTLE SIR GALAHAD. By PHOEBE GRAY. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Although the author has chosen to classify this volume as a novel, it is, strictly speaking, a study of child life throughout fully two-thirds of its extent. If Mary Alice Brown had not been set upon by rough boys when delivering a bundle of freshly laundered clothes, she might never have made the acquaintance of Francis Willett, president of the Galahad Knight Club; she certainly would not have received the terrible beating at the hands of her drunken father, which led to her running away from home, meeting kind old farmer Thomas, his motherly wife, Martha, and crippled son, Charlie. And if these varied events had not taken place, the chances are that Mary Alice's father might never have reformed, nor crippled Charlie been cured, nor Mary herself have formed lifelong friends, who helped her, educated her and at last made possible her marriage with the Galahad Knight of her childhood days. An innocuous little tale, but the sugar-coating over the underlying moral is a bit thin.

PIERRE VINTON. By Edward C. Venable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The sub-title of this story defines it as "The Adventures of a Superfluous Husband," a description which not merely whets curiosity, but lives up to expectations when we read. Pierre Vinton, writing in the first person, begins his unabashed self-revelations subsequent to the entry of the final decree of divorce obtained by his wife, Marcella. She has convinced herself and her husband that she no longer loves him, so he gives her her freedom, knowing that no action of the law can ever free him from the intangible yet unbreakable bonds that hold him. The book is a rare and delicate love story, touching deftly, with alternate irony and wistful tenderness, upon the deepest and holiest sides of life, and incidentally making it quite clear how the rift in their matrimonial happiness has come, as it so often does, from the man's tendency to take for granted so many things that a woman expects to be done or said. The reawakening of love, the reunion under the stress of great joy born of a great fear—so great that it dwarfs for the time being all established conventions, all thought of what the world may say—forms a fitting climax to a volume of very unusual quality.

THE PLACE BEYOND THE WINDS. By Harriet T. Comstock. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

This is another of those hectic, ill-balanced, over-crowded volumes in which the author's purpose is lost to sight through sheer excess of themes and superfluity of episode. Priscilla Glenn, a child of those same North Woods that the author has made familiar through her earlier volumes, has an inborn craving for youth and gladness, a craving that is sternly repressed by her fanatical, grim, narrow-minded old father. As a mere child she finds relief in setting up a "graven image" and dancing to it, a rhythmic dance born of nature, the sway of branches and the song of birds. It is while she is dancing her pagan dance that young Travers, an invalid boy from New York, first lays eyes on her; and he is so caught by the spell of her quaint, childish grace that the seeds are sown then and there for the love that ripens in later years. All this earlier portion is quite pretty and idyllic; but soon the scene shifts, and Priscilla, befriended by two men, each in his way a mystery, involving dark secrets, finds her way to New York, becomes a trained nurse, and eventually transgresses all the ethics of her profession by betraying the secret of the true condition of a patient to the girl that patient was about to marry. Eugenics, votes for women, total abstinence and a host of other rather big problems appear and disappear in these pages, in which we are rushed feverishly across the length and breadth of Europe and America. And although here and there a description or an episode appeals for the passing moment, the work as a whole leaves behind it a sense of confusion and futility of purpose.

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of December and the 1st of January:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York(Uptown)...	The Pastor's Wife	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman
New York(Downtown)	The Auction Block	The Salamander
Albany, N. Y.....	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Eyes of the World	Once to Every Man
Baltimore, Md.....	Saturday's Child	The Rise of Jennie Cushing
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Eyes of the World	One Clear Call
Boston, Mass.....	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Boston, Mass.....	Big Tremaine	Looking After Sandy
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Delia Blanchflower
Chicago, Ill.....	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Rise of Jennie Cushing
Dallas, Tex.....	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Denver, Colo.....	The Way of the Strong	The Eyes of the World
Detroit, Mich.....	The Eyes of the World	The Clarion
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Poet	The Eyes of the World
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Eyes of the World	The Winning of the Wilderness
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Clarion	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman
Louisville, Ky.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World
Memphis, Tenn.	Love Insurance	The Witch
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Eyes of the World	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman
New Haven, Conn.....	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	Half Hours
New Orleans, La.....	The Eyes of the World	Innocent
Norfolk, Va.....	Their Yesterdays	How it Happened
Omaha, Neb.....	The Eyes of the World	The Twenty-fourth of June
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Pastor's Wife	Delia Blanchflower
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition
Portland, Ore.....	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Richmond, Va.....	The Eyes of the World	How it Happened
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Eyes of the World	Hidden Children
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Prince of Graustark	The Eyes of the World
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Seattle, Wash.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World
Spokane, Wash.....	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Toronto, Can.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World
Waco, Tex.....	The Eyes of the World	A Soldier of the Legion
Washington, D. C.....	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Worcester, Mass.....	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail

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(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Blind Spot	Wife Out of Egypt	The Raft	The Wall of Partition
Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Prince of Graustark	Perch of the Devil	Delia Blanchflower
The Last Shot	Little Eve Edgarton	Love Insurance	The Prince of Graustark
One Clear Call	Bambi	The Wall of Partition	The Witch
The Pastor's Wife	Perch of the Devil	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Penrod
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Witch	Little Eve Edgarton	Pollyanna
Big Tremaine	The Witch	Street of Seven Stars	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman
Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Prince of Graustark	The Pastor's Wife	The Rise of Jennie Cushing
The Eyes of the World	The Pastor's Wife	Penrod	The Wall of Partition
Diane of the Green Van	Love Insurance	Innocent	The Prince of Graustark
The Way of the Strong	The Witch	Bambi	On the Seaboard
The Wall of Partition	The Witch	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Gideon's Band
Pollyanna	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Witch	The Prince of Graustark
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Bambi	Saturday's Child	Innocent
In My Youth	Pollyanna	Penrod	A Clean Heart
The Street of Seven Stars	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Bambi	Pollyanna
The Wonderful Romance	The Eyes of the World	The Pastor's Wife	Innocent
Anne of the Blossom Shop	The Wall of Partition	Love Insurance	The Honorable Percival
The Honorable Percival	The Auction Block	Arizona	Clark's Field
The Prince of Graustark	Gideon's Band	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Auction Block
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Penrod	The Pastor's Wife	Betty's Virginia Christmas
The Wall of Partition	Gideon's Band	The Wonderful Romance	The Three Sisters
Twenty-fourth of June	The Auction Block	Gideon's Band	A Clean Heart
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Pollyanna	The Honorable Percival	The Poet
The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Penrod	Perch of the Devil
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Way of the Strong	Big Tremaine
The Honorable Percival	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	The Mutiny of Elsinore	The Three Sisters
The Prince of Graustark	The Auction Block	Hidden Children	The Raft
The Wall of Partition	Bambi	Saturday's Child	The Pastor's Wife
The Clarion	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	Delia Blanchflower	Martha and Cupid
Gideon's Band	Twenty-fourth of June	Pollyanna	The Wall of Partition
Gideon's Band	Daddy Long-Legs	Little Eve Edgarton	The Honorable Percival
Delia Blanchflower	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	Penrod	Bambi
The Wall of Partition	Bambi	The Hidden Children	The Street of Seven Stars
The Clarion	The Auction Block	The Wall of Partition	Saturday's Child
The Prince of Graustark	Bambi	The Honorable Percival	The Auction Block
Bambi	Big Tremaine	The Prince of Graustark	Once to Every Man
The Pastor's Wife	Innocent	Penrod	Bambi
Big Tremaine	The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition	How It Happened

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending December 2nd:

1. War and America. Münsterberg.
2. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
3. Plays. Shaw.
4. Rise of the Working People. Crapsey.
5. Through the Brazilian Wilderness. Roosevelt.
6. Modern Dancing. Castle.

For the week ending December 9th:

1. How Germany Makes War. Bernhardi.
2. Plays. Shaw.
3. Germany and England. Cramb.
4. How France is Governed. Poincare.
5. Half Hours. Barrie.
6. Recollections of Full Years. Taft.

For the week ending December 16th:

1. Through the Brazilian Wilderness. Roosevelt.
2. Plays. Shaw.
3. Men Around the Kaiser. Wile.
4. War and America. Münsterberg.
5. The Promised Land. Antin.

For the week ending December 23d:

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. Half Hours. Barrie.
3. Dramatic Portraits. Howe.
4. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
5. Naval Strategy. Mahan.
6. What Men Live By. Cabot.

For the week ending December 30th:

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. Through the Brazilian Wilderness. Roosevelt.
3. Men Around the Kaiser. Wile.
4. Germany and England. Cramb.
5. With the Russians in Mongolia. Ayscough.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Pan-Germanism. Usher.
Abroad at Home. Street.
The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. Hegermann-Lindencrone.
Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
Germany and England. Cramb.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
Europe Revised. Cobb.
Through the Brazilian Wilderness. Roosevelt.
Life in America One Hundred Years Ago. Hunt.
Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
Recollections of Full Years. Taft.
Through the Grand Canyon. Kolb.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 686 and 687 the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Eyes of the World. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35	267
2. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	190
3. The Wall of Partition. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	77
4. Kent Knowles, "Quahaug." Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35	62
5. The Prince of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35	60
6. The Pastor's Wife. Anon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	59

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